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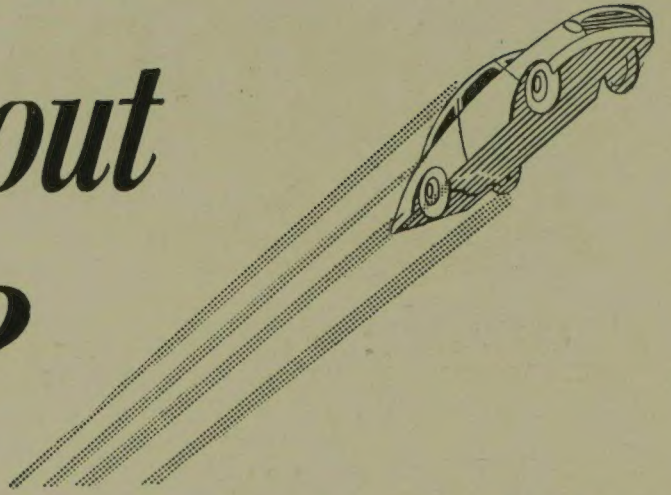
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# What's all this about 'AROMATICS'?



**Q.** To begin with, why the name 'Aromatic'? What has smell got to do with it?

**A.** The name was applied originally in the 19th century to hydrocarbons of a certain type which, chemists discovered, were produced from sweet-smelling balsam and spices. It is now used to denote a particular family of hydrocarbons.

\* \* \*

**Q.** You said something about hydrocarbons. What are they?



THE NEW

# NATIONAL BENZOLE MIXTURE

THE **FIRST** HIGH-AROMATIC FUEL

**A.** That's the chemist's name for thousands of substances—solid, liquid or gas—which consist of hydrogen and carbon in varying proportions. The crude oil from which motor-spirit is distilled consists of almost nothing but hydrocarbons—grouped by the chemist into 'families' such as naphthenes, paraffines, olefines and aromatics.

\* \* \*

**Q.** Very interesting to chemists, no doubt, but what on earth has it got to do with me?

**A.** We thought you'd like to know just why the new National Benzole Mixture is so good!

\* \* \*

**Q.** Well, go on—why is it so good?

**A.** Because these aromatics are largely responsible for all the qualities that these days are really needed in a modern motor-spirit—such as high anti-knock value, smooth running, better mileage and better starting.

\* \* \*

**Q.** Why?

**A.** That is one of the facts of life, like why grass is green.

\* \* \*

**Q.** Do all motor-spirits contain aromatics?

**A.** Nearly all contain a little: and a great deal of time, ingenuity and money is being spent on trying to produce more of them.

\* \* \*

**Q.** How can you do that?

**A.** In two ways. Firstly, you can build elaborate and costly units such as 'Catalytic Cracking Plants' and 'Platformers' to turn other less useful hydrocarbons into aromatics. This is primarily what all the latest refineries are built to do.

\* \* \*

**Q.** I'll take your word for that—what about the other way?

**A.** You just take advantage of British produced Benzole (distilled from coal) that consists of nothing but aromatics. So you merely add Benzole to petrol, and that automatically does the trick.

\* \* \*

**Q.** You mean that National Benzole Mixture has always had a lot of aromatics in it?

**A.** Certainly—that's why it's so famous for its smooth-running, its easy starting and its better mileage.

On the principle that you can't have too much of a good thing, Benzole is now blended with a new petrol from a modern refinery, a petrol that is richer than ever before in aromatics—and the NEW National Benzole Mixture has more than double the aromatic content of any other motor-spirit.

\* \* \*

**Q.** Will I notice any difference in the performance of my car?

**A.** Try a tankful—and see how the NEW National Benzole Mixture meets every requirement of the modern car. It is the most modern of all motor-spirits and ahead of today's engine design!





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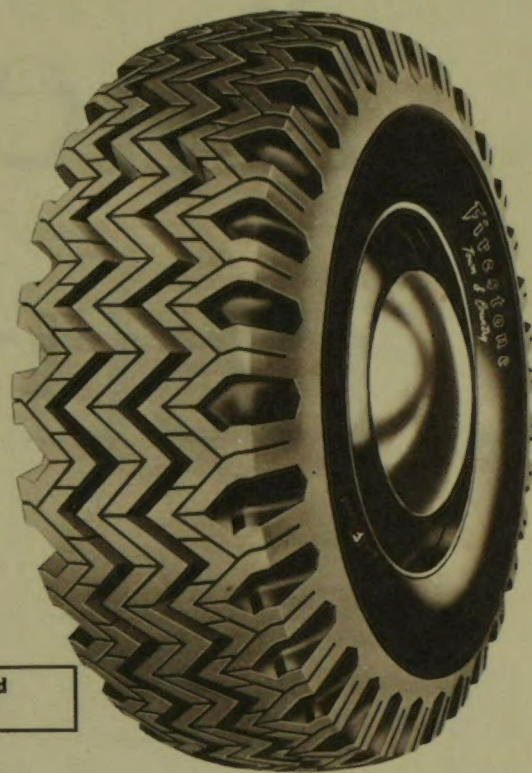
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When, at long last, he has to reline your brakes, he'll tie this Ferodo label to your steering wheel as proof of his confidence in the reliability, safety and toughness of Ferodo Anti-Fade Brake Linings.

### Expert advice on brakes

### MAY SAVE LIFE—MUST SAVE MONEY



This label PROVES Ferodo Anti-Fade Linings have been fitted.

#### • WHAT IS BRAKE FADE?

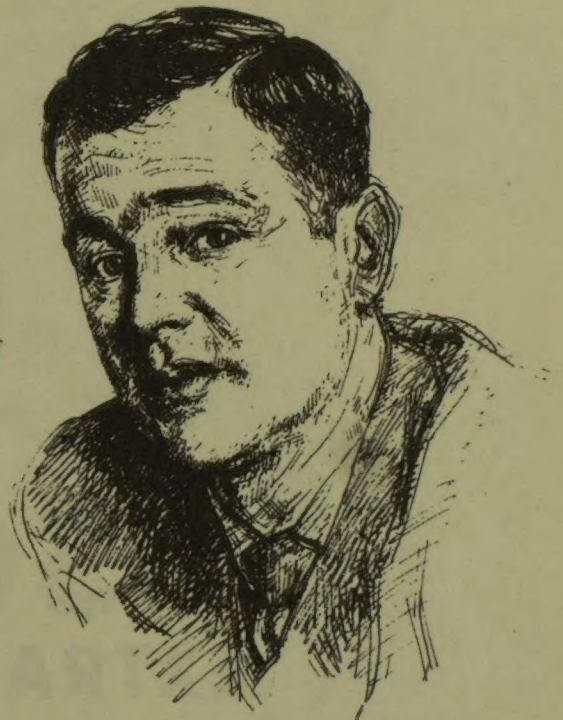
Known to racing men for years, "Fade" is a form of sudden loss of efficiency in brakes after a period of overwork. Your safety, like the racing driver's, lies in Ferodo Anti-Fade Linings—and in giving your garage man a chance to keep a check on your brakes for you.

See your garage about

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## WHITBREAD

the superb Pale Ale

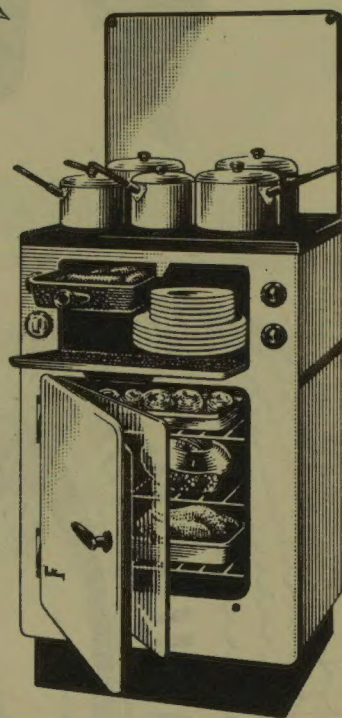




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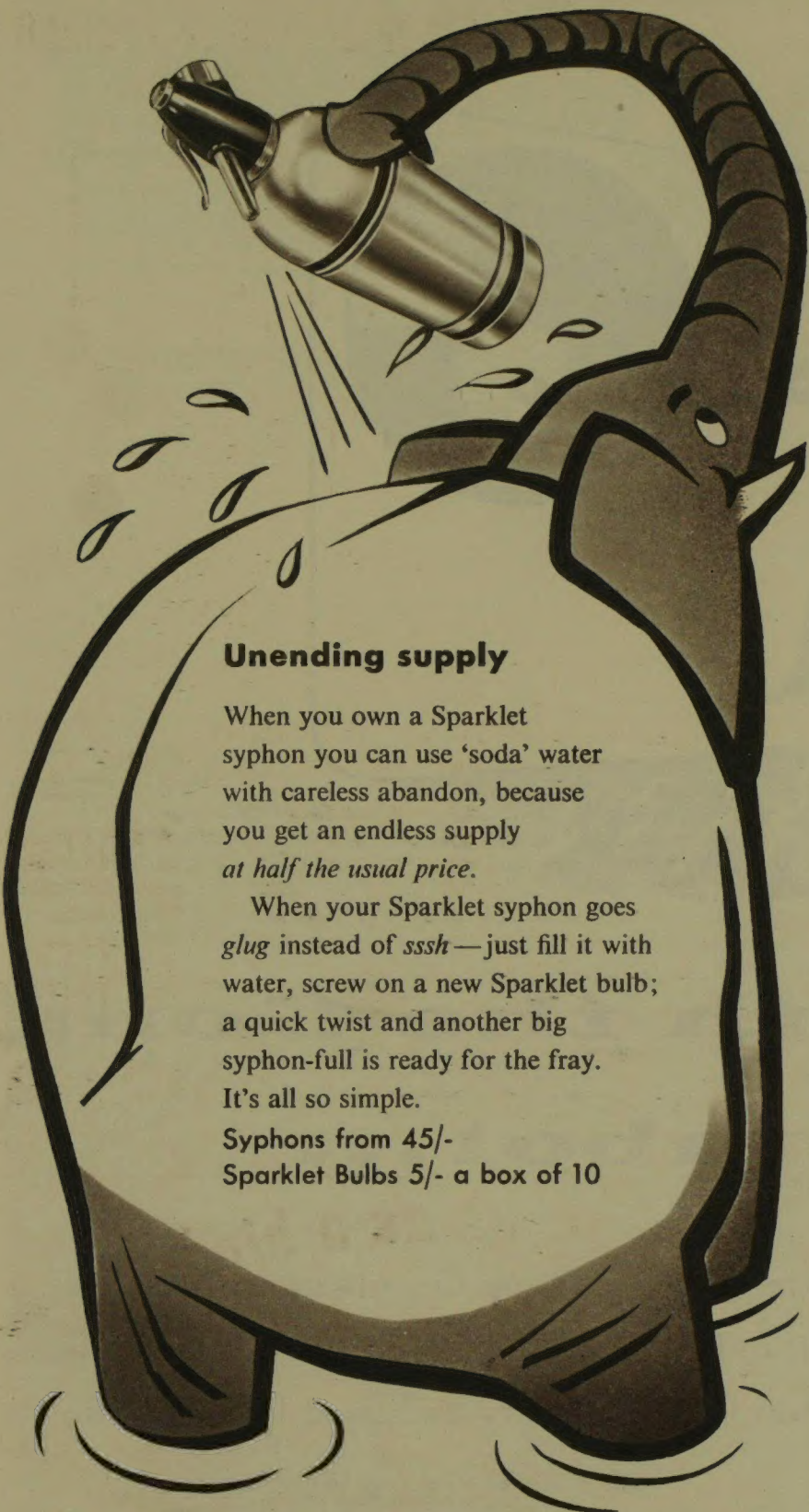
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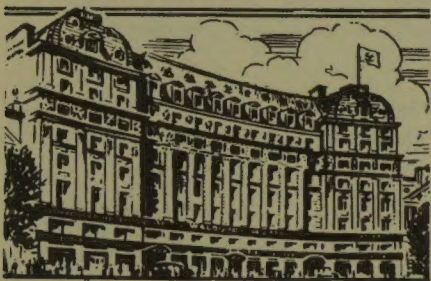
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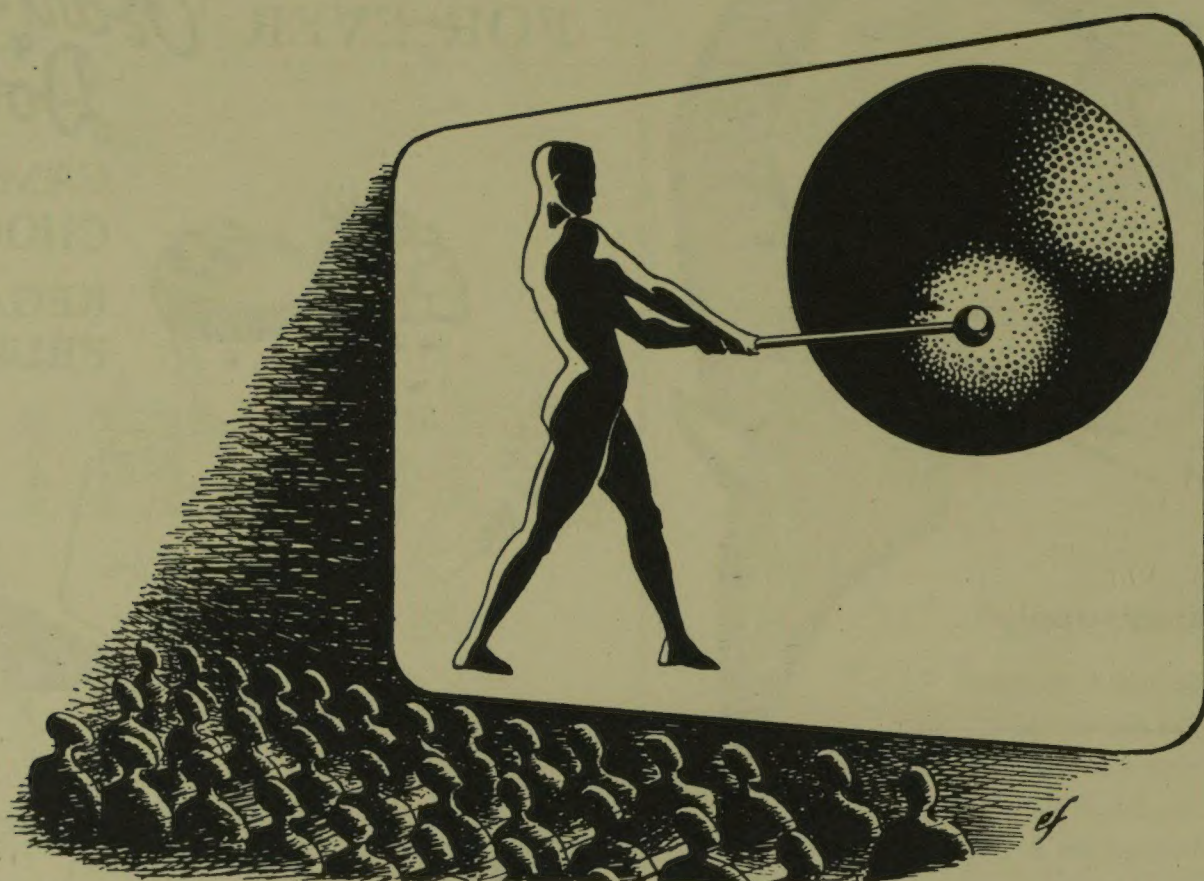
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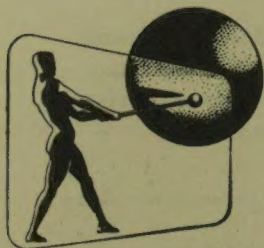
The man-with-the-gong symbolises our plans to offer the finest in screen entertainment; to promote British pictures to match the best that other countries have to offer; to give to millions of people overseas the opportunity to see our films and so learn something of British living, British thought, British character—and British goods.

To accomplish this two-fold purpose we have built up a British film enterprise which produces, distributes and exhibits a major programme of first feature films every year: a film enterprise which operates world-wide, helping to draw the free Nations nearer to Britain and strengthening the ties between Britain and the Commonwealth.

The man-with-the-gong is a symbol of our determination to keep abreast of the times — both in thought and in technical developments.

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SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1955.



THE QUEEN WITH THE COMPANY OF PIKEMEN AND MUSKETEERS OF THE H.A.C.—AFTER SHE HAD PRESENTED A WARRANT GIVING THEM OFFICIAL RECOGNITION: HER MAJESTY AT ARMOURY HOUSE, WITH (L.) LT.-COL. A. G. STEELE.

On July 20 her Majesty the Queen visited Armoury House, in the City of London, and after presenting new Colours to the Honourable Artillery Company—this being the first occasion that a reigning Sovereign has done so—lunched with the Colonel-Commandant and officers and later presented a warrant giving for the first time official recognition to the picturesque Company of Pikemen and Musketeers of the H.A.C., which was formed in 1925 for ceremonial purposes.

It is recruited from H.A.C. veterans by invitation. The armour and uniform worn by this Company consist of reproductions of that worn in 1641, the date when the H.A.C. first occupied the old Artillery Ground, Armoury House, Finsbury. In our photograph Major-General Sir Julian Gascoigne, Colonel-Commandant of the H.A.C., can just be seen behind Lieut.-Colonel A. G. Steele, Captain of the Company of Pikemen and Musketeers.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

READING contemporary history—by which I mean the history of events as seen at the time by the men taking part in them—a historian is constantly struck by the extraordinary divergence between the way the living see the occurrences and problems of their own day and the way they are subsequently judged by posterity. This is not to say that contemporary opinion can be disregarded by the historian; on the contrary, no one can hope to understand or make anything of the past without it. But though what the living say and think is the stuff out of which history is made, they very seldom comprehend the picture of the world about them as it really is. They can see, and see very clearly—far more so than posterity can ever do—what is under their individual noses. But that is all they can see. They can grasp, in other words, the trees, but they cannot see the wood. This is not surprising for, after all, they are in the middle of it. It needs a distant prospect to be able to perceive the wood as a whole, its extent and how it lies in relation to the surrounding landscape. The historian, being a long way away, has such a much better chance of doing so than the contemporary man or woman.

I was reminded of all this by re-reading recently some of the books written by the principal actors in the great military events of 1942 out of which was shaped the strategy that led to victory in the West. A fierce controversy has raged, and to some extent still rages, between those who contended that what was done in 1944 in striking at Germany across the Channel could have been done two years, or at least a year earlier, and those who held, and still hold, that the triumphs of D-Day could not have been anticipated and that irreparable disaster would have attended any premature attempt to do so. The chief protagonists of the former view were the Americans. In the spring of 1942 they were desperately anxious to attack soon. They were a people accustomed to hustling and getting things done in a big way, and, after four months of unwanted defeat and humiliation, were resolved to strike back. They wanted revenge, they wanted results and they wanted to fight. They had not left their homes and embarked on an unwanted and distasteful trade merely to hang about in training-camps. They wished to engage the enemy and end the war. They had restrained their natural desire to make retribution for Pearl Harbour their first objective. But, though their leaders subscribed to the British thesis that defeat of Germany must precede defeat of Japan, with several million men already in arms they were determined that their troops should go into action at the earliest moment possible. The nearest point at which they could do so—the shortest distance from the United States, as their President put it, for supply-lines for any front anywhere—was the French coast opposite England.

But though, under the wise guidance of Winston Churchill, who understood better than any man the need for complete unity of purpose between Britain and America, the British in April 1942 accepted the thesis that there should be an invasion of Western Europe in 1943, and, if necessary, even in 1942, to take the weight of the German attack off Russia, the limitation imposed by the new air-weapon on sea-power—at that time the Allies' chief weapon—nullified these hopes of an early victory by direct frontal attack. In the Defence Committee at which the historic decision to attack in the West was reached, Churchill spoke of the whole western coast of Europe from the North Cape to Bayonne as lying open to the Allies' attack. Yet, as he himself admitted to the Russian Foreign Minister within six weeks of the meeting, the advent of air-power had in reality changed the whole situation. Whereas in the past command of the sea had given the Power possessing it the option of landing at any point on the enemy's coast, experience had shown that a landing in the teeth of enemy air opposition was not a practicable proposition and that, since the Germans could move the whole of their air strength in France and the Low Countries within a few hours to any threatened point, the British and Americans could only hope to secure a foothold where the Continental coast lay within reach of their own fighters. This reduced their choice, as Churchill pointed out, to the Pas de Calais, the Normandy coast, the tip of the Cherbourg peninsula and a small area in Brittany—all districts strongly held by the enemy.

Not only, therefore, was the prior defeat of the enemy's available air forces essential—a matter made difficult by the short range of fighter aircraft—but, as the Chief of Air Staff repeatedly pointed out, before invading the Continent it was essential that the air forces available were strong enough not only to obtain temporary control above the bridgehead but to maintain it until the landing forces could break out. Otherwise, boxed in a narrow space, the defenders would become a target for concentrated and continuous bombing. So would the ships that supplied them. And here a further difficulty faced the would-be invaders. In the wars of the past an army had needed a far smaller shipping tonnage to transport and supply it in action than was necessary in the mechanised warfare of the

mid-twentieth century. To carry a single division and its share of corps headquarters and lines-of-communications formations, an immense tonnage of shipping was needed, and, to supply it with ammunition, replacements, repairs and reinforcements in battle even for a few weeks, almost as much. And if one thing was certain about a landing in Western Europe it was that the enemy would fight back fiercely and continuously to ward off an attack directed at the very heart of his power. An invasion across the Channel, if it was not to end in disaster, had, therefore, to be sustained with massive resources, not only of well-trained and well-found combat troops, but of aircraft and shipping.

And though the British were strong in aircraft, both they and the Americans, in relation to their almost limitless ocean needs, were desperately short of shipping. The number of landing-craft available for a cross-Channel operation at that time was ludicrously insufficient; there were scarcely enough to land 4000 men at a time. Until vast quantities of landing-craft had been made, a cross-Channel bridgehead was a mere pipe-dream and, if attempted, could only end in the death, capture or ignominious re-embarkation of the entire force engaged in it. Nor would it serve to take the weight off Russia by forcing the withdrawal of troops from the Eastern Front. Twenty-five German divisions were already stationed in France and the Low Countries. Britain had only six or seven divisions as yet trained and equipped for cross-Channel operations, and the utmost America could provide by the autumn were two more. Any hope of increasing the American contribution during 1942 was out of the question, even had the landing-craft been available to carry it across the Channel. For the ocean-going transport at the Allies' disposal was scarcely sufficient

to maintain the existing battlefronts in Libya, Burma and the Pacific, to supply their scattered and ever-multiplying global garrisons and lines of communication, and to carry the promised weapons and munitions to the hard-pressed Russians. After allowing for essential requirements of raw materials and food-stuffs—kept by rationing to an indispensable minimum—Britain, with her depleted shipping resources, could only scrape together enough troop-carrying tonnage to transport about 280,000 men at a time. Owing to the waste involved in the

long voyage round the Cape and back, this was all absorbed in carrying the 40,000 to 50,000 men who, with their accompanying transport, guns and equipment, had to be sent out of the Clyde every month to the Middle East and East. The American shipping available could carry another 130,000 men. And though a vast American ship-building programme had been launched which was expected by June 1944 to raise the troop-carrying capacity of the United States to 400,000 men, the sinking of Allied vessels in the past six months had exceeded replacements by nearly 3,000,000 tons.

It seems extraordinary in the light of these facts that, not only the American and British public, but most of the responsible American leaders and a number of the British should have supposed it possible to shorten the long, hard road to D-Day by two years. Yet at the time, with the desperate need to aid Russia and the universal longing to attack after two years of defeat and apparent inactivity in the West, the belief was natural enough. What, more than any other single factor, prevented that belief, and the wishful thinking and ardent courage on which it was based, from leading to disaster was the sound sense of the British Chiefs of Staff Committee and, above all, of its chairman, General Alan Brooke—now Field Marshal Lord Alanbrooke—who, with the powerful aid of Winston Churchill, little by little deflected the inexperienced but able American war leaders from a straight road that could only lead to calamity into a devious one that led, with exquisite precision, to victory. That course, as he himself put it, in the month in which Singapore fell and the Allies' shipping loss rose to the appalling total of 800,000 tons, was to liberate North Africa, open up the Mediterranean and so free a million tons of troop-carrying tonnage, threaten Southern Europe by eliminating Italy, and then liberate France and invade Germany. Before any successful landing could be made on the French coast, North Africa must be cleared of the enemy, the sea-route through the Mediterranean reopened, and the additional shipping so released used to keep up an unrelenting pressure on the Germans and Italians from the south. Only in this way could Russia be continuously helped during the long interval which Brooke knew must elapse before enough ships, landing-craft, men and equipment were available for a major assault on the enemy's heart. The ring round the Axis in Europe must first be tightened, and at the point where as yet it could alone be tightened. Victory was largely due to the clarity with which this great man saw the road ahead and to the exquisite skill, patience and persistence with which he induced his American and British colleagues to adjust the scales of strategic planning and production to make possible each successive step toward that distant objective.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO, A REPRODUCTION FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF JULY 28, 1855.



"FUNERAL OF THE LATE LORD RAGLAN—THE PROCESSION LEAVING THE TRAKTIR INN BEFORE SEBASTOPOL—FROM A SKETCH BY C. GUYS."  
Constantin Guys (1802-92), the brilliant draughtsman, was War Correspondent for *The Illustrated London News* during the Crimean War. Lord Raglan (1788-1855), who commanded the British troops, died on June 28, 1855, in the Crimea. His body was embarked in the *Caradoc* with the fullest military honours; and troops lined the seven miles of road to Kazatch Bay.





HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN PRESENTING NEW COLOURS TO THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY ON JULY 20—THE FIRST OCCASION ON WHICH A REIGNING SOVEREIGN HAS DONE SO SINCE THE COMPANY'S FOUNDATION IN 1537.

Her Majesty the Queen, as Captain-General of the Honourable Artillery Company, on July 20 presented Colours to the Company on the old Artillery Ground, Armoury House, Finsbury, this being the first occasion on which the Company has been presented with new Colours by a reigning Sovereign since its foundation in 1537. The old Colours, trooped for the last time at this parade, were presented by the Prince of Wales in 1928. Our photograph shows her Majesty, who had just presented a new Regimental Colour, presenting a new Queen's Colour, while the Colonel-Commandant, Major-General Sir Julian Gascoigne, is standing on the

left. The new Colours were consecrated by the Chaplain-General to the Forces, Canon V. J. Pike, and the Queen then addressed the parade. She recalled that the Company had provided and trained volunteers in the City of London for the "better defence of this our reign" since Henry VIII. granted the original charter in 1537. Her Majesty honoured the Colonel-Commandant and officers with her presence at lunch, and afterwards presented a warrant giving for the first time official recognition to the picturesque Company of Pikemen and Musketeers of the H.A.C. (See photograph on our front page.)



No.	Date	Name	Prénoms	Qualité	D'où l'on vient	Où l'on va
1855	July 31 <sup>st</sup>	J. C. Smyth Chr. Smyth	South Lincolnshire	Accompanied by the following friends—J. Birkbeck, C. Hudson & G. Stephenson, we ascended M. Rosa from this Inn, & succeeded in reaching the very highest point. This point had not been hitherto attained for the part of the higher ridge reached by ourselves (Sept. 1 <sup>st</sup> , /54) & by Mr. Kennedy (Sept. 11 <sup>th</sup> , /54) lies eastward of the summit, & is found to be 28 ft. lower, but this difference is hardly to be distinguished on the spot. This is the point which the guide of Professor Studer reached in 1851. And the brothers Schlegel in 1857. The latter part of the ascent is extremely difficult but the view from the summit amply repaid the effort for all the fatigue & cold of such an expedition. Mont Blanc & the mountain range of Alpes were distinctly visible.		
		Guides: Ulrich Hamm	Lunnen of Lauterbrunnen. Matthias & Johann from Tanquards of Term.			

THE FIRST ASCENT OF "THE VERY HIGHEST POINT" OF MONTE ROSA—ON JULY 31, 1855: THE ORIGINAL RECORD IN THE GUEST-BOOK OF THE MONTE ROSA HOTEL, ZERMATT.



(ABOVE.) MR. CHARLES HUDSON, ONE OF THE PARTY WHO MADE THE FIRST ASCENT OF MONTE ROSA 100 YEARS AGO.

(RIGHT.) THE SWISS ALPS THROUGH NINETEENTH-CENTURY EYES: FROM A VICTORIAN ENGRAVING OF THE MATTERHORN.



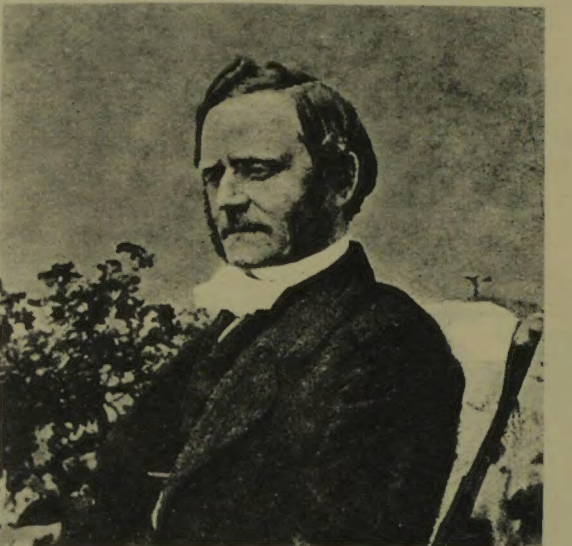
MONTE ROSA (15,215 FT.), THE SECOND HIGHEST MOUNTAIN OF THE ALPS, SEEN FROM THE GORNERGRAT—A FAMILIAR SIGHT TO WINTER SKI-ERS. ITS HIGHEST PEAK, THE DUFOUR-SPIITZE, WAS FIRST CLIMBED ON JULY 31, 1855.

A new and hitherto unsuspected aspect of Sir Winston Churchill was revealed at the recent International Climbing Week, held at Zermatt, to celebrate the centenary of the first ascent of Monte Rosa. During the celebrations, Mr. L. S. Amery, the elder statesman and veteran Alpinist and, on this occasion, the leader of the Alpine Club delegation, read aloud the following letter from his old friend. Dated "London, 20 June, 1955," it read: "My dear Leo, You tell me that Zermatt is holding a mountaineering reunion to celebrate the centenary of the first ascent of Monte Rosa and of the opening of the Monte Rosa hotel. I still retain vivid memories of the peaceful valley of Zermatt and of its glorious amphitheatre of great peaks, when we were both there sixty-one years ago, as well as of my own ascent of Monte Rosa. Except for the Wetterhorn I did not follow up that first youthful introduction to mountaineering, but my experience

SIR WINSTON AS MOUNTAINEER—A SIDELIGHT OF THE MONTE ROSA ASCENT CENTENARY.



MR. LEO AMERY, WHO AT THE CELEBRATIONS REVEALED THAT SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL HAD ACCOMPANIED HIM IN AN ASCENT OF MONTE ROSA 61 YEARS AGO.



THE LEADER OF THE FIRST PARTY TO CONQUER MONTE ROSA—IN JULY 1855: THE REV. J. GRENVILLE SMYTH (1825-1907)—FROM AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH.



MOUNTAINEERING IN BOWLER HATS: AN OLD ENGRAVING WHICH THROWS A PLEASING LIGHT ON VICTORIAN CLIMBERS.

was enough for me to understand the joys you and others have found in the high hills. So I hope your fellow mountaineers will accept my best wishes for the success of your reunion. Yours ever, (signed) Winston S. Churchill." The third volume of Mr. Amery's memoirs "My Political Life," entitled "The Unforgiving Years, 1929-40," is due to be published on Aug. 2. The record of the first ascent of Monte Rosa in the hotel guest-book for 1855 reads: "July 31<sup>st</sup>. J. C. Smyth, Chr. Smyth, South Lincolnshire. Accompanied by the following friends—J. Birkbeck, C. Hudson and G. Stephenson, we ascended M. Rosa from this Inn and succeeded in reaching the very highest point. This point had not been hitherto attained—for the part of the higher ridge reached by ourselves (Sept. 1<sup>st</sup>, /54) and by Mr. Kennedy (Sept. 11<sup>th</sup>, /54) lies eastward of the summit, and is found to be 28 feet lower—but this difference is hardly to be distinguished on the spot. . . ."



## A HOLIDAY TOWN UNDER WATER: SCENES FROM FLOODED WEYMOUTH.



MAROONED IN A LAKE SUDDENLY FORMED BY FLOOD WATER: COACHES AND OTHER VEHICLES IMMOBILISED BY THE VIOLENT THUNDERSTORMS THAT FLOODED WEYMOUTH.



WADING THROUGH A FLOODED STREET, INDOMITABLE PEDESTRIANS MAKE WAY FOR A CAR DRIVEN BY AN INDOMITABLE MOTORIST: A WEYMOUTH SCENE AFTER THE DELUGE.



DRAGGING A HALF-SUBMERGED CARAVAN FROM THE SWOLLEN STREAM AT THE BOWLEAZE COVE CAMP, WHERE SCORES OF HOLIDAYMAKERS SAW THEIR TEMPORARY HOMES OVERWHELMED. REST CENTRES FOR THE HOMELESS WERE SET UP IN THE TOWN.

Weymouth and its environs suffered their worst flooding for many years when the violent storms of July 18 caused rivers and streams to overflow their banks. In Weymouth itself streets near the station were flooded to a depth of some feet, while in the coach station vehicles were marooned and immobilised in the serene waters of a newly-formed lake. Holidaymakers were hard hit, particularly those staying in caravans at the Bowleaze Cove Camp, where many caravans were overwhelmed by flood waters when the tiny River Jordan, aided by almost



A STREET LIKE A CANAL: THE OVERFLOWING RIVER WEY FLOODED HOUSES TO A DEPTH OF SOME FEET, DRIVING THE OCCUPANTS TO TAKE SHELTER UPSTAIRS.



THE ROUNDABOUT STANDING SILENT AND DESERTED AS STRAW SWIRLS ON THE SURFACE OF THE WATER PAST THE STRANDED VEHICLES AND THE NOW-JOYLESS SIDESHOWS OF THIS WEYMOUTH FAIR, TEMPORARILY ABANDONED TO THE FLOOD.

torrential rain, assumed much greater dimensions. Nearly 300 campers were evacuated to rest centres in the town; in all, some 600 people in the Weymouth district were driven from their homes, and although no casualties were reported, damage to property was estimated at hundreds of thousands of pounds. Long after the floods had receded or been pumped away, holidaymakers and townsfolk alike were doing their best to clean mud-plastered homes and caravans, and to dry their large and small possessions in the open air.



"Do not hope too much. Do not despair. Every item on the progress and credit side will have to be worked for." These words are reported to have been used by the Prime Minister before flying to Geneva. I cannot write now on the Geneva Conference. In fact, simply for technical reasons, no day could be less favourable than that on which these words are written. It is impossible to look forward, because prophecy would be dealing with events already past for readers; it is impossible to comment, for lack of anything on which to look back. Yet Sir Anthony Eden's words afford a good motto for the times. Though they were uttered with particular reference to Geneva, they can be given a more general application. They stand for a principle likely to be of value over a number of years. Geneva is a landmark in a struggle for peace which has been going on for a long time and will continue. It will assuredly not end at Geneva and there may be other landmarks as important.

As in most affairs of vital interest to the human race, opinion on the state of affairs which has brought about the Geneva Conference ranges from high optimism to sombre pessimism. The optimist is not only certain that Russia desires peace—which at this moment of time is hardly disputable—but also that the Russian Government is seeking peace as something desirable in itself, something, therefore, which, once secured, should be maintained. He points to the astonishing change in attitude which has taken place even within a year. Within that time, he asserts, the Russian Government has learnt more of the sentiments of other Governments and peoples than in the preceding nine years since the end of the war. For the first time it has spoken the same political language as ourselves instead of a specialised jargon. On many small issues, and even on a few of importance, it has been ready to compromise in a statesmanlike way. It is impossible to believe, he concludes, that all this is play-acting. No Government has ever play-acted in such a way before. Therefore, the attitude must be sincere.

No one will be prepared to deny, the pessimist makes answer, that Russia is sincere in putting forward a peace policy now. That is because she is not ready for war. Her hopes of reaching impregnable strength by about this year have been belied. Her agricultural programme has failed. The industrial has been more successful, but has also been in some respects unsatisfactory. In another five or six years she hopes this situation will have altered for the better from her point of view. The doctrine of Communism includes as one of its most important items the belief that it must inevitably dominate the world by force. It is folly to suppose that this item has been expunged from the roll. What Russia is doing, according to the pessimist's interpretation, is switching over to a new mild and smooth method, because both threats and Communist propaganda have failed. If she succeeds in that—and success will be shown by getting the Americans out of Europe and breaking up N.A.T.O.—she will take a very different line.

Well, the argument goes on, and neither side convinces the other. The most obvious reason, as I have often insisted, lies in the shadows which enshroud the background against which the speculations of both are framed. In both cases they are, whether they admit it or not, too dependent on guess-work. If we look back on famous international conferences of history, we shall be forced, if we are honest, to admit that they were approached under a clearer light. I need mention only Utrecht in 1713-14, Vienna in 1814-15, Berlin in 1878, and even Versailles in 1919. All these were, of course, more decisive and probably more momentous than Geneva, because clean-cut settlements could be foreseen in them, but they serve as instances of a different atmosphere in international relations. Sharp conflicts of opinion were revealed in all, but the state of mind of foes, and friends could always be gauged. No participant's mind or circumstances were enveloped in the secrecy encountered in our world of conflicting ideologies.

In this case the path of guarded optimism, which is that of the Governments of the United States, the

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE OPTIMISTS AND THE PESSIMISTS.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

United Kingdom and France, is that to be preferred. No other approach holds out the prospect of eventual peace. Nothing is to be hoped for from a negative attitude, whereas cautious hope may be based upon a positive one. We are more likely to achieve peace if we make it clear that we desire it than if we merely stand doggedly behind our defences and at the same time reveal that we see in the other side's frame of mind nothing but an intention to win time for a better opportunity to overwhelm and enslave us. It seems to me impossible to deny that peace-mentality must be more likely to lead to peace than war-mentality. I believe also that steps to stave off war, even if in themselves only provisional, may, by encouraging the growth of peace-mentality, help to make war less likely.

Nevertheless, in our obscure situation we cannot avoid reservations. We can refuse to be guided by the pessimist, but we ought not to shut our ears to his arguments, which are in some respects cogent. Neither desire for peace nor the hope of securing it should induce us to drop our guard. One-sided disarmament or the abandonment of any means of defence without the certainty that the other side has

### CORDIALITY AT GENEVA.



THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE FOUR GREAT POWERS ENJOYING A MOMENT OF FRIENDLY RELAXATION BETWEEN SESSIONS: (LEFT TO RIGHT) MARSHAL BULGANIN (RUSSIA); PRESIDENT EISENHOWER (U.S.); MONSIEUR FAURE (FRANCE); AND SIR ANTHONY EDEN (U.K.).

"As in most affairs of vital interest to the human race, opinion on the state of affairs which has brought about the Geneva Conference ranges from high optimism to sombre pessimism," writes Captain Falls in the article on this page. He does not discuss the Conference, as "In fact, simply for technical reasons, no day could be less favourable than that on which these words are written," for so doing. Although strong disagreement on Germany developed between the Western Powers and Russia on July 19, it was announced on July 20 that the four Heads of Governments had, at their third session, agreed on four points to serve as a basis for study by the Foreign Ministers of the two problems discussed so far—the Reunification of Germany and European Security. Our photograph gives an indication of the cordial atmosphere which distinguished the relations between the four Heads of States during the Conference and between sessions.

abandoned it also would worsen, rather than improve, the prospect of eventual peace. Abandonment of those who have counted upon our support would spread despair and disillusionment among those who still count upon it, and so weaken our power for good. The pessimist's view that Russia desires, above all things, to dissolve N.A.T.O. and induce the United States and Britain to withdraw their forces from the European continent, is supported by evidence as strong as we shall ever obtain. Therefore, we should keep them there until the light has grown clearer.

The pessimist's view as to the nature of Communism is also correct. Yet we should not completely identify Communism and the policy of the Russian Government. There is such a thing as a Russian national policy, which in some respects indeed bears a resemblance to the policy of imperial Russia. It is not a comfortable policy, but it is not wholly abstract Communism either. It may not preclude what is called co-existence. And, where it can be divined, where it can be appealed to, it can be dealt with more easily and will provide a more promising basis of intercourse than undiluted Communism. Soviet Russia has ambitions, hopes, fears and difficulties which are not wholly the product of her adhesion to the Communist creed. Nor is Communism quite as strong an international cement as was the case in the years after the war.

In the interval, a certain proportion of the weight of world power has shifted to the continent of Asia. Russia herself is an Asiatic as well as a European State and has recently laid emphasis on the development of industry in her vast Asiatic territories. She is at present a firm ally of Red China. For the present she can treat China, not indeed as a satellite, but as a junior partner, because China is dependent on her for the development of her nascent industry and all her important military equipment. Yet, taking a long-term view, Russia must be feeling a certain anxiety about the future of this teeming country and its daring, self-confident, and often provocative Government. China's advance is not likely to be as meteoric as that of Japan, but she may be even more formidable in the long run. This prospect may well serve as an influence making for prudence in Russian policy, even though at the moment alliance with China increases Russian power.

The other feature which overhangs the issues of war and peace in the minds of Governments—all Governments—has little relation to Communism or anti-Communism. It is the terrific power of modern weapons of war. They are designed not to achieve military success directly, but to include military success as a by-product of a policy of uncontrolled and unlimited destruction, without regard to the occupation, age, or sex of the victims. Their effect is one of obliteration. It seems reasonable to assume that knowledge of the striking power of these weapons, and of the blows which would be inflicted by them in retaliation for aggression, must bring about in Russian

minds greater caution than if the risks were only those of war with conventional weapons. It is sometimes said that the hydrogen bomb is "just another weapon." It is more than that. Old weapons, up to and including the early atomic bombs, might conceivably have destroyed civilisation; the hydrogen bomb might conceivably destroy mankind. Others besides myself have advanced the paradox that the weight of these weapons may be a step towards salvation.

One of the problems to be faced by the Western leaders will be to prevent the peoples falling into a mood of dangerous sentimentality. Already the correspondence columns of newspapers have contained letters about Geneva devoid of reason, based purely on emotion. Sentimentality and prudence are not likely to go hand in hand, but the former is an influence which the statesmen of democracies cannot afford to overlook. Were we to allow our defence policy to be governed by it, then, whether or not the Russians are now seeking to "soften us up," they would achieve that result and would doubtless take advantage of it. If real progress is made at Geneva and afterwards, those who bear responsibilities will be continually assailed with appeals to disarm, to cut national service, to

reduce defence expenditure, from those who bear none. It will not be enough to resist, where resistance is called for. Unless the reason for resistance is made clear to an electorate which commonly regards foreign affairs as a bore, sentimentalism will become overwhelmingly powerful.

World alignments are inevitable, and in all probability would continue to exist even if a World State were formed. If there is any safe prophecy to be made about them, it is that they will not always remain in their present shape. This consideration furnishes another argument in favour of continual effort, even of a policy of makeshifts, when the ideal settlement proves elusive. Playing for time is not to be condemned in emergency, when time may bring about changed circumstances or when it may provide opportunities for sober reflection. "Do not hope too much. Do not despair." It is the hare-brained, not the steady and sensible, who will label such a policy in the present state of the world as timid. It may turn out to be the only positive course which can be followed. It is assuredly the frame of mind in which the Western Ministers went to Geneva. But, as I have pointed out, I was not thinking in particular of Geneva when I put the words quoted into the first sentence of what I have written. Another version of it might be: "Never give up trying. Never despise small profits. Big ones may come only very gradually."



## THE END OF THE "SUMMIT" CONFERENCE, AND THE RETURN OF THE DELEGATIONS.



THE FRENCH PRIME MINISTER (WEARING HAT) GREETED BY HIS MINISTERS ON HIS RETURN FROM GENEVA: (EXTREME RIGHT) M. SCHUMAN. OTHERS INCLUDE M. PFLIMLIN, M. MORICE AND M. BOURGES-MAUNOURY.



THE THREE PRINCIPALS OF THE RUSSIAN DELEGATION, JUST BEFORE THEY LEFT GENEVA FOR THE AIRPORT: (L. TO R.) MR. KHRUSHCHEV, MARSHAL BULGANIN AND MARSHAL ZHUKOV.



WAVING TO THE CROWD BEFORE LEAVING FOR THE AIRPORT: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER, WITH MRS. EISENHOWER AND (LEFT) THEIR SON.



(ABOVE.) LEAVING THE PALAIS DES NATIONS AFTER THE FINAL SESSION: (L. TO R., WAVING) MARSHAL ZHUKOV AND MARSHAL BULGANIN; AND MR. KHRUSHCHEV.

ON July 23 the Geneva Conference, the "Summit" Conference of the Heads of the Four States, Great Britain, the United States, Russia and France concluded; and, instead of a communiqué, a directive was issued providing for a meeting of Foreign Ministers in Geneva in October, when the Foreign Ministers are instructed to consider the following points: (1) European Security and Germany, on which the Ministers are free to make arrangements for "other interested parties" to take part; (2) Disarmament, including discussion of the various disarmament proposals made at Geneva during the last week; (3) East-West Contacts—that is, the study of measures to eliminate progressively barriers to communications and trade, in order to bring about freer contacts. After the end of the Conference the Russian delegation flew to East Berlin, and on arrival there Marshal Bulganin spoke of the necessity of the two parts of Germany to draw closer together. At Washington President Eisenhower had a great welcome when he arrived on the morning of July 24; and he said "There is evidence of new friendliness in the world." M. Faure reached Paris by air on the afternoon of July 24 and believed that the Powers had started "on the right road." And Sir Anthony Eden, who reached London Airport on the evening of July 24, stated "I think it is true to say we succeeded . . . more than I anticipated."

BOARDING THE AIRCRAFT IN WHICH THEY FLEW TO BERLIN: MARSHAL BULGANIN (LEFT) AND MR. KHRUSHCHEV.



ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT LONDON AIRPORT AFTER THE END OF THE GENEVA "SUMMIT" CONFERENCE: SIR ANTHONY EDEN AND LADY EDEN ON JULY 24.



TEAMS, HORSES, AND HOUNDS: VICTORS AND COMPETITORS AT THE WHITE CITY.



RECEIVING THE RAWNSLEY CUP FROM THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK: ONE OF THE ACCOMPLISHED GIRL RIDERS, MISS JENNY BULLEN, ON MISS STUBBINGS' ROYAL SHOW.



THE WINNER OF THE KING GEORGE V. GOLD CUP: LIEUT.-COLONEL CARTASEGNA (ITALY), TAKING A JUMP ON THE GREY BRANDO.



WINNER OF THE JUVENILE CHAMPIONSHIP FOR THE FOURTH YEAR IN SUCCESSION: T. MAKIN TAKING A JUMP ON SPRINGBOK.



THE ITALIAN WINNERS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES' CUP FOR TEAM JUMPING: THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT PRESENTING THE TROPHY TO THE NON-RIDING CAPTAIN, COLONEL GUTIERREZ.



THE BRITISH RUNNERS-UP IN THE PRINCE OF WALES' CUP: MR. A. OLIVER ON GALWAY BOY, MISS D. PALETHORPE ON EARLSSEATH RAMBLER, MR. W. WHITE ON NIZEFELLA, AND MISS F. SMYTHE ON FLANAGAN.



THE WINNING TEAM IN THE PRIVATE SECTION OF THE COACHING MARATHON: SIR DYMOKE WHITE'S TEAM OF BAYS, WHICH WON FROM MR. S. W. GILBEY'S TEAM.

The Team Jumping for the Prince of Wales' Cup, at the International Horse Show, resulted in the victory of the Italian team—Lieut.-Colonel Cartasegna on *Brando*, Captain Oppes on *Pagoro*, Lieut. R. D'Inzeo on *Merano*, and Lieut. P. D'Inzeo on *Uruguay*—gained by excellent teamwork and fine leadership. The scoring members of the team in each round made an aggregate total of eight faults. Britain had 24 faults and Ireland came third with 48, while the United States and Sweden were fifth and sixth. For the first time since the show came to the White City, there was an opportunity of seeing the coaches, and the nine teams arrived in fine



REFRESHING THEMSELVES AT THE WATER JUMP AFTER CIRCLING THE ARENA AT ONE OF THE SESSIONS ON A HOT DAY: THE WEST NORFOLK HOUNDS.

shape from the meet at Wormwood Scrubs, nine miles away, and drove round the arena. The juvenile events always rouse much interest, and the fine horsemanship displayed by the boys and girls is remarkable. The Bullen stable, or ponies from it, scored many successes, including champion and reserve champion pony and first in the two classes. The children jumped a big course and Master T. Makin won on *Springbok* for the fourth year in succession. The West Norfolk Foxhounds were paraded at each session and on hot days found pleasant refreshment at the water jump.



## INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW WINNERS: ITALIAN AND BRITISH.



WINNER OF THE LADIES HACKS' UNDER SIDESADDLE CLASS; MISS P. WAINWRIGHT'S CHESTNUT, *LOVELY BOY*, RIDDEN BY MISS ANN SCOTT.



WINNER OF THE QUEEN ELIZABETH II. CUP FOR WOMEN: MISS DAWN PALETHORPE ON *EARLSRATH RAMBLER*, LEADING HORSE OF THE SHOW.



WITH *NOBBLER*, THE HORSE ON WHICH SHE WON THE LONDON TRIAL STAKES: MRS. BRYAN MARSHALL, EQUAL SECOND IN THE QUEEN ELIZABETH II. CUP.



RECEIVING THE "DAILY MAIL" CUP FROM MR. STUART MCCLEAN, MANAGING DIRECTOR OF ASSOCIATED NEWSPAPERS: MISS PAT SMYTHE ON *PRINCE HAL*.



*PRINCE HAL*, THE GREAT-HEARTED HORSE ON WHICH MISS PAT SMYTHE WON THE "DAILY MAIL" CUP—WITH HIS OWNER, A LEADING RIDER OF THE SHOW.



RECEIVING THE QUEEN ELIZABETH II. CUP FOR WOMEN FROM THE ROYAL DONOR, HER MAJESTY: MISS DAWN PALETHORPE, WHO WON IT ON *EARLSRATH RAMBLER*.



RECEIVING THE TROPHY FROM THE QUEEN: LIEUT.-COLONEL CARTASEGNA (ITALY), WHO WON THE KING GEORGE V. GOLD CUP ON *BRANDO*.

Although at this year's International Horse Show at the White City Britain for the first time in six years failed to win the great team jumping event, the Prince of Wales' Cup, British riders scored notable individual successes. The leading horse of the show was Miss Dawn Palethorpe's *Earlsrath Rambler*, and she and Miss Pat Smythe were the leading riders. The Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and the Prince of the Netherlands watched the exciting jumping for the King George V. Gold Cup, won by the Italian,

Lieut.-Colonel Cartasegna, on the grey *Brando*. *Earlsrath Rambler* gave a spectacular performance when ridden by Miss Dawn Palethorpe to win the Queen Elizabeth II. Cup for Women from Mrs. Bryan Marshall on *Nobbler* and Miss S. Whitehead on *Eforegit* (equal seconds). *Prince Hal* had not been jumping well in the earlier stages, but on July 23, in the *Daily Mail* Cup, when Miss Pat Smythe had to beat the clear round in 38.4-5th secs. by Lieut. R. D'Inzeo on *Quiet Man*, she did so brilliantly with *Prince Hal* in 35.3-5th secs.





1. WITH THE MAYOR, MRS. THACKERAY: THE QUEEN GREETED BY CHILDREN AT THE PILGRIMS' SCHOOL PLAYING FIELDS. THE DUKE IS ON THE EXTREME RIGHT. 2. LEAVING THE CATHEDRAL: THE QUEEN WITH THE DEAN. 3. CHEERED TO THE ECHO BY WINCHESTER MEN IN THE ANCIENT CHAMBER COURT OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE: HER MAJESTY.

#### THE ANCIENT CITY OF WINCHESTER WELCOMES THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE: AT THE COLLEGE; CATHEDRAL; AND WITH CHILDREN.

The Royal visit to Winchester on July 25 was in connection with two historic occasions—the 200th anniversary of the formation of The King's Royal Rifle Corps, of which her Majesty is Colonel-in-Chief, and the 800th anniversary of the earliest existing charters of the ancient city. The Queen and the Duke were received on arrival at Wolvesey Palace by the Duke of Wellington, Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Southampton, who presented the Mayor, Mrs. Thackeray; and the Royal visitors then drove to Winchester College, where they were received by

the Warden, Brig.-General Sir George Gater. On arrival at Winchester College, her Majesty was greeted in the traditional manner by a speech in Latin delivered by the head prefect, and in reply she pointed out that both conventional and unconventional studies have a place in modern education. After lunching at the Guildhall, where an exhibition of old documents was inspected, the Queen and the Duke visited the Green Jackets' Depot, where they were received by General Sir Evelyn Barker and Lieut.-General Sir Euan Miller, Colonels Commandant,

[Continued opposite.]





1. WITH SIR ANTHONY EDEN, A FORMER OFFICER OF THE K.R.R.C.; THE QUEEN; WITH LADY EDEN (L.). 2. HER MAJESTY CARRYING OUT THE INSPECTION. 3. OLD COMRADES FROM THE NEW WORLD: HER MAJESTY WITH (L. TO R.) LIEUT.-COLONEL J. D. CAIN, ROYAL RIFLES OF CANADA; MR. J. TUTTLE, OF ONEIDA, N.Y.; MRS. FOWLER, AND MR. HARRY FOWLER, OF NEW YORK. 4. WITH A SOLDIER IN THE UNIFORM OF THE 60TH (ROYAL AMERICAN) REGIMENT OF FOOT, FROM WHICH THE K.R.R.C. (60TH RIFLES) SPRANG: THE QUEEN.

#### THE ROYAL VISIT TO WINCHESTER: THE QUEEN AT THE GREEN JACKETS' CRICKET FIELD FOR THE K.R.R.C. BICENTENARY PARADE.

*Continued.*

The K.R.R.C., and later attended the Bicentenary Parade of the Regiment at St. Cross, the Queen taking the salute at the March Past. During the inspection her Majesty spoke to several ex-riflemen, among whom were Chelsea pensioners, and those presented to her included five of the seventeen Americans who served with the Regiment as volunteers before America's entry into the Second World War. In her speech the Queen spoke of the varied rôles of the rifleman, as varied as the countries in which they had fought, and said that the Regiment had always

remained true to the motto "Swift and Bold" given them by General Wolfe at Montmorency Falls, below Quebec. The official visit ended with a visit to Winchester Cathedral, where the Royal party was received by the Dean, the Very Rev. E. G. Selwyn, and the Bishop of Winchester; and before leaving the city her Majesty received Sir Anthony Eden in audience at the Deanery. The Prime Minister, accompanied by Lady Eden, had been present at the Bicentenary Parade of The King's Royal Rifle Corps, in which he served in the war of 1914-18.



## AN AMERICAN NEWSPAPER MAN IN RUSSIA.

"STALIN'S RUSSIA AND AFTER"; By HARRISON SALISBURY.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SOUIRE.

EVERY foreign journalist who works in Russia for a few years seems to write a book about it when he comes out: a book which restores the passages which the Russian censor cut out of his despatches, and adds things which he knew would never get past the censor. Here is another one. The author, Mr. Harrison Salisbury, worked for the *New York Times*, which has much the sort of status in America as *The Times* has here. "Mr. Salisbury had travelled extensively in wartime Russia in 1944-45, when he was Moscow correspondent for the United Press. He returned to Moscow in the spring of 1949 a few days before the arrest of the elderly Bolshevik Borodin. He left in the summer of 1954 when the post-Stalin junta was still touching up the Russian 'New Look.' In a short foreword he discusses the subsequent dethronement of Malenkov, and throughout the book

the great problem of our times—Russia. But I hope also that no one will take this as the 'last word' on Moscow and Moscow's plans and purposes. I deeply mistrust any man who suggests he has all the answers to a question so complex as Russia, and I commend to everyone the wise words of my friend and one-time Moscow colleague, Paul Winterton, who said: 'There are no experts on Russia—only varying degrees of ignorance.'"

This statement certainly seems to be borne out by Mr. Salisbury's own confessions: it astonishes me that so notable a newspaper as his should have sent to Russia a man so completely uninformed about the history of Marxism. "The fact was," says he, referring to his second arrival, "that on the doctrinaire side I simply knew very little about Communism. I knew it was not the same as Socialism, but it had been a surprise to me when I had been in Moscow before to

learn that the system of economics and government which was supposed to be in force in Russia at the present time was called by the Party 'Socialism,' rather than 'Communism.' I had, to be sure, read a little more Russian history than most Americans, because my interest had been stimulated by my war experience. I had a real interest in Russia, as opposed to Communism, and still have. And I certainly know something about Communist and Russian ways of doing business from the time I was there in 1944. But beyond this I could bring to the Russian assignment only the general qualifications of an all-round newspaperman, the product of years of hard agency-training—reporting in

the Midwest, in Minneapolis and Chicago, more reporting and more desk-work in Washington and New York that gradually led to specialisation in foreign news. I had covered Al Capone's trial in Chicago and Huey Long's assassination in Louisiana, and I thought I knew

and which our blind Socialists, who will hate it when they get it, are approaching here) was "the nationalisation of the means of production, distribution and exchange," and that the Communist dream is of the sloughing of all State control, as of a snake's skin, and a "News from-Nowhere" free for all. So far as I can remember, the last time that that sort of sharing was tried was in the early years of the Christian Church. There had to be officials, administrators, bureaucrats: the names of the first were Ananias and Sapphira. They put their hands in the till, and a speedier justice was meted out to them than is likely to be meted out in our time; justice was done more rapidly then.

There are many, many charming passages in Mr. Salisbury's book, especially in those pages which deal with Central Asia, where he seems to have been astonished to find that the people weren't Russians at all, and in those which deal with Siberia, whither men and women are drafted to do hard manual work merely because their muscles are needed. But he doesn't seem to me to understand Europe or Russia, or the Socialist "ideology."

In other words, he doesn't understand the Old World. He and his colleagues come swarming over here, like invaders from Mars, and judge us, in the kindest possible way, by their own standards. But they don't know our complications. They don't even know the complications with which the Government of "Russia" is faced. On the map (where it is usually coloured brown) Russia looks like one great solid



AN EXAMPLE OF GRANDIOSE SOVIET ARCHITECTURE: THE MEMORIAL TO THE BATTLE OF STALINGRAD.

The memorial to the Battle of Stalingrad is built on what was the "no-man's-land" between the Russian and German lines. The Stalingrad campaign, which lasted from November 19, 1942, until February 2, 1943, resulted in defeat for the Germans, and the withdrawal of von Kleist's army in Caucasia followed.

his portraits of the present Soviet leaders reveal his discernment and powers of observation." That's what the publishers say: but it amounts to pathetically little. He was in Russia for a long time before he acquired a rudimentary knowledge of the Russian language, and, as for "the present Soviet leaders," he seems, at best, to have had glimpses of them chatting and swilling vodka with non-journalists in rooms adjoining those in which he was allowed to receive his nip and his caviare-sandwich. More about Russia can be learnt from such books by non-journalists as Fitzroy Maclean's "Eastern Approaches" and the memoirs of diplomats such as Sir David Kelly and the American Admiral, Leslie C. Stevens, than from all the works of these shackled newspaper correspondents. Yet, even if they are completely excluded from the "inner circles" of Russian politics, and told strictly where they can go and where they cannot go, and find themselves unable to talk to anybody without an interpreter, they still have things to tell us. Even a deaf-and-dumb man may give valuable evidence about a street accident. Mr. Salisbury is by no means deaf-and-dumb and anything but blind. He travelled widely in European Russia; he traversed Georgia, Stalin's home-country, with the help of an interpreter; and he was allowed into all but one of the Asiatic "Socialist Republics," where enslaved populations are driven by equally enslaved Secret Police to build up the great Socialist Industrialist State of the Future. His guess as to what is going to happen in that Future is no better than that of the next man who has never set eyes on Russia, but knows something of Russian history. But as he went about that vast Empire he did gradually note things which contribute towards the composite picture which Western people have struggled to compose from other books. He pretends to do no more. "I hope," says he, "my report may help towards better understanding of



IN THE HEART OF KHABAROVSK, THE FAR-EASTERN H.Q. OF THE M.D.V.: LENIN SQUARE, WITH, IN THE BACKGROUND, A HUGE HOSPITAL BUILDING.

Mr. Harrison Salisbury writes: "There was no doubt that what I had once heard about Khabarovsk was correct. That it was the capital of M.D.V.-land. General Headquarters of Slave Labour Unlimited."

Illustrations by courtesy of Macmillan and Co., publishers of the book reviewed on this page.

newspapering inside-out. And I certainly knew too much about Moscow to take on this assignment with any illusions. Even in the easier pre-war days Moscow had whipped bigger and tougher correspondents than I, and now the steel barrier that Mr. Churchill had christened the iron curtain had slammed down."

Why should reporting of the trial of "Al Capone" entitle a man to report on Russian politics? I suppose that the notion was that he "got a story" wherever he went. So utterly ignorant was he of the history of the Socialist movement in Russia and elsewhere that he didn't even know that the immediate Marxian objective (which has been mainly reached in Russia



A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM A RAPIDLY-MOVING CAR: THE LUBYANKA PRISON GATE. The Lubyanka Prison is also the headquarters of the M.D.V. Mr. Harrison Salisbury, who writes of its vicinity that "This is an unhealthy place to lurk about in," took the photograph of the prison gate from a rapidly-moving car.

block. It is inhabited by anything up to 200,000,000 people, and these are commonly described as Russians. But really that is about as sensible as it would have been, when Britain ruled India, to describe the Indians as Englishmen. Even in European 'Russia' there are Estonians, Latvians, Lithuanians and Poles, all with their languages, traditions and songs, who are 'Russians' in name only; let alone the Ukrainians, who paraded with a large army on Hitler's side, believing that that disgusting scoundrel would give them their liberty. And in Asia, in all those vast tracts which the Muscovites have overrun in the last 200 years, what a variety of oppressed, but persistent, peoples.

Mr. Salisbury gives us pleasant glimpses of some of these. But behind all his walks and talks there is the Shadow of the Kremlin: and therein there proceed palace intrigues of which he knows no more than us. At the moment it rather looks as though the soldiers were on top, and the Secret Police relegated to a back seat. But how can we tell what is really going on, in that world of conspirators? I had no view before I read Mr. Salisbury's book; and I am no more enlightened after reading it. But I enjoyed the chapters in which he describes his travels on the Volga and elsewhere. They reminded me of books about Russia before 1914; and how cheering that was!

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 202 of this issue.



# THE QUEEN AT THE OVAL: THE DUKE IN THE SCILLY ISLES, AND OTHER ROYAL OCCASIONS.



EXAMINING SUPPLY CONTAINERS HOUSED BENEATH A *HASTINGS* AIRCRAFT AT THE R.A.F. TRANSPORT COMMAND STATION, ABINGDON: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH (DARK GLASSES). On July 22, the Duke of Edinburgh, when visiting the R.A.F. Transport Command Station, Abingdon, watched four parachute-jumping instructors make a simultaneous delayed drop from a *Valetta* aircraft and fifteen parachute instructors in a simultaneous descent from a *Hastings* flying at 800 ft.



THE FIRST ROYAL VISIT TO THE SCILLY ISLES FOR TWENTY-TWO YEARS: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT TRESCO, WITH MRS. A. A. DORRIEN SMITH AND LT.-CDR. T. N. DORRIEN SMITH.

On July 19, the Duke of Edinburgh flew from Cudrose Airfield, Cornwall, to the Scilly Isles in a helicopter. He was welcomed at St. Mary's by Colonel Sir Edward Bolitho, Lord Lieutenant of Cornwall. He visited Tresco Abbey and other points, and accepted a bouquet of tropical flowers for the Queen.



THE QUEEN MOTHER'S VISIT TO ROEDEAN SCHOOL: HER MAJESTY'S CAR ARRIVING AT THE GATES, CHEERED BY CROWDS OF HOLIDAYMAKERS.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother went to Roedean School on July 22 to attend a garden party to mark the beginning of the school's seventieth anniversary celebrations and spent two hours there. The company included over 1500 visitors, parents, friends and former pupils, and a number of the present pupils, who were permitted to take photographs of her Majesty as she walked through the grounds. She attended a thanksgiving service in the school chapel, at which the address was given by the Archbishop of Canterbury.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO ROEDEAN SCHOOL: THE QUEEN MOTHER WALKING THROUGH LINES OF GIRLS WHO ARE TURNING CAMERAS ON HER. HER MAJESTY IS WITH THE HEAD MISTRESS.



THE QUEEN'S FIRST VISIT TO THE OVAL: HER MAJESTY SHAKING HANDS WITH N. ADCOCK WHEN MEMBERS OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN CRICKET TEAM WERE PRESENTED.

During the Queen's visit on July 18 to properties on Duchy of Cornwall lands in Kennington, she visited the Oval for the first time and watched part of the match between Surrey and the South Africans. Both teams were presented, and her Majesty spoke to several members, and asked Cheetham how his injured elbow was progressing.



PRESENTING NEW COLOURS TO THE KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS ON BEHALF OF THE QUEEN: THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, WHO IS COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE REGIMENT.

The Duchess of Gloucester, Colonel-in-Chief of The King's Own Scottish Borderers, visited Dumfries on July 24 and presented, on behalf of the Queen, new Colours to the 5th Bn. The ceremony took place on the Whitesands in brilliant sunshine.



## NAVAL AND MILITARY OCCASIONS, ACTING, AND ANCIENT GOLD.



SCOTT'S *DISCOVERY* BECOMES H.M.S. *DISCOVERY*: THE TRANSFER CEREMONY ON JULY 20.

On July 20, Captain Scott's Antarctic exploration ship *Discovery* was transferred from the Boy Scouts' Association to the Royal Navy and has been refitted as a drill ship for the R.N.V.R., London Division. In the scene shown, worthy of the brush of a Tissot, Mr. J. P. L. Thomas, First Lord of the Admiralty, is speaking.



TWO OF FOUR ANCIENT BRITISH GOLD BRACELETS RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT CAISTER, NEAR YARMOUTH. In the garden of a bungalow opposite the Roman camp site at Caister, four bracelets were recently found. They have been identified as of solid gold and together weigh about a pound. They are probably of the Iron Age. At the time of writing, no inquest had yet been reported.



THE BALCONY SCENE FROM "ROMEO AND JULIET" ACTED BY BOYS OF KING'S SCHOOL, CANTERBURY.

During King's Week, the festival of music and drama, which is now one of the traditions of the ancient King's School, Canterbury, Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" was on several evenings performed by the boys in the garden of Chillenden Chambers, the site of the old refectory buildings of the monastery.



THE BIGGEST MILITARY PARADE EVER SEEN IN CAIRO: PART OF THE ARMS PARADE WHICH MARKED THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE EGYPTIAN MILITARY REVOLUTION.

The third anniversary of the Egyptian revolution has been marked by many ceremonies and speeches; but the most impressive item was the military parade in Cairo on July 23. It included tanks, jet aircraft, camels, a mounted band, women soldiers and parachute troops marching at the double. Large contingents of officer cadets marched with a modified goose-step.



THE LAUNCHING OF THE WORLD'S SECOND ATOMIC-POWERED SUBMARINE: U.S.S. *SEA WOLF* ENTERING THE WATER AT GROTON, CONNECTICUT.

The atomic submarine *Sea Wolf*, sister-ship to *Nautilus*, the U.S. Navy's first atomic-powered submarine, was launched on July 21. *Nautilus* has a thermal reactor and water coolant, whereas *Sea Wolf's* engine is an intermediate reactor with a liquid metal coolant. The displacement of these submarines is 3180 tons standard (surface) and the complement ninety-one.



FORMING THE NUCLEUS OF A NEW AUSTRIAN ARMY FOLLOWING THE AUSTRIAN TREATY: MEN OF THE "B" GENDARMERY MARCH TO THE DEFENCE MINISTRY.

With the signing of the Austrian Peace Treaty, the Austrian Government is free to reconstruct their armed forces. The nucleus of a new Army will be provided by the gendarmery, who thus pass from the control of the Home Office to that of the Austrian Defence Ministry. This process is illustrated literally in the above photograph, showing the men en route to the Defence Ministry from their former H.Q.



SHOWING THE UNIFORMS WHICH WILL BE WORN BY WEST GERMANY'S ARMED FORCES: A DISPLAY GIVEN BEFORE AN AUDIENCE OF JOURNALISTS IN BONN. The uniforms which will be worn by West Germany's future armed forces were shown to an audience of international journalists in Bonn on July 22. In the foreground are the uniforms of Army privates and at the back (l. to r.) are shown an Army corporal, an Air Force captain, a naval lieutenant, a sailor, a naval officer and an Air Force private.



# BETWEEN THE TREE-LINE AND THE ZONE OF ETERNAL SNOW: THE HARDY SHERPAS OF THE EVEREST REGION—IN COLOUR.

IN our issue of April 23, 1955, we published an article on the Sherpas of Eastern Nepal by Professor Christoph von Fürer-Haimendorf, of the School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London. This was illustrated with some striking photographs of Sherpa men and women of this remote Everest region which were taken by Professor von Fürer-Haimendorf during a preliminary survey which he made of the various ethnic groups within three districts of Eastern Nepal. On this page we reproduce some colour photographs taken by Professor von Fürer-Haimendorf of life in the region which is the centre of Sherpa culture, the high valleys of Khumbu, at the approaches to Mount Everest. The author settled in Khumjung, a village some 14,000 ft. high, sprawling over a wide valley and surrounded by snow-peaks, with the houses scattered between stone-walled fields of buckwheat and potatoes. Here the Sherpa



A WOMAN, WITH HER CHILD NEAR HER, THRESHING BUCKWHEAT IN FRONT OF A DOUBLE-STOREYED SHERPA HOUSE. THE GROUND FLOOR COMPRISES STOREROOMS AND SHELTER FOR YOUNG CALVES, WHILE THE FAMILY LIVE ON THE UPPER FLOOR.



HOUSES, FIELDS AND MEADOWS OF KUNDE VILLAGE, WITH AMADABLAM (22,000 FT.) IN THE BACKGROUND. MOST OF THE AGRICULTURAL WORK IS DONE WITH HOES.



A SHERPA WOMAN FEEDING A YAK WITH SALT. THE YAKS ARE GRAZED ON THE OPEN HILL SLOPES WHEN THE WEATHER PERMITS AND THEY ARE FED ON STORED HAY WHEN OUTSIDE FEEDING IS IMPRACTICABLE.



DRESSED IN FESTIVE CLOTHES OF TIBETAN ORIGIN: A RICH SHERPA COUPLE OF KHUMJUNG VILLAGE WITH THEIR CHILD.

*Continued.*

women harvest the buckwheat, using small sickles and cutting the stalks close to the ground. The threshing of the buckwheat is mainly done by men, who use a forked stick for beating out the grain. Potatoes, only introduced some fifty years ago, grow so well in the area that the Sherpas have practically a surplus of food, and they export dried potatoes to Tibet. While the tending of the fields is mainly the task of women, the men devote much of their time and energy to the rearing of yak, the cattle which provide the Sherpas with several of the basic necessities of life.

(LEFT.) SHERPA WOMEN HARVESTING POTATOES. BUCKWHEAT AND POTATOES ARE THE MAIN CROPS IN THE KHUMJUNG REGION, THOUGH THE LATTER WERE ONLY INTRODUCED SOME FIFTY YEARS AGO.

(RIGHT.) A SECULAR LAMA OF PANGBOCHE WITH HIS WIFE AND SON. THE WIFE IS TURNING A SILVER PRAYER WHEEL. RELIGIOUS RITES PLAY A PROMINENT RÔLE IN SHERPA LIFE.







PALLADIO'S MAGICAL ARCHITECTURAL TROMPE-L'ŒIL: THE TEATRO OLIMPICO AT VICENZA DURING A MODERN PERFORMANCE OF *ŒDIPUS TYRANNUS*, THE THEATRE'S INAUGURAL PLAY IN 1584.

The *Teatro Olimpico* at Vicenza is one of the most remarkable playhouses in the world. Begun from designs by Palladio—the celebrated architect and native of the town—in 1579, it was completed in 1584, after his death, by Scamozzi, and inaugurated with a performance of Sophocles' *Œdipus Tyrannus*. In his plan Palladio adhered generally to the precepts of Vitruvius as to the construction of ancient theatre, but the building is far more than an imitation of a classical theatre. The auditorium rises in thirteen semi-oval tiers to a wall with pilasters, broken on either side by a

gallery screened by pillars and surmounted by statues, and in front, some 5 ft. lower, are the orchestra pit and the stage, with its magnificent permanent *décor*. This consists of a representation of a classical triumphal arch, and two square-headed side doors giving views of streets which seem to lead off the stage far into the distance. The whole is of wood and plaster in brilliantly illusory relief, and is a masterpiece of *trompe-l'œil* art. The auditorium is covered with a painted *calvarium*. Evelyn, the diarist, who visited the theatre, described it as being "of that kind the most perfect

now standing and built by Palladio in exact imitation of the ancient Romans. . . . The scene . . . represents an imperial city, 72 order Corinthian, decorated with statues. Over the scenario is inscribed '*Firmit ac Genio Olympior: Academia Theatrum hoc a fundamentis rexit Palladio Architect: 1584*'—words which can be described in Mr. Sorrell's painting. Goethe, who visited the *Teatro* in his turn, wrote: "Compared with our theatres, however, it reminds one of a genteel, rich, well-bred child contrasted with a shrewd man of the world, who, though neither as rich nor genteel nor well-bred,

knows better how to employ his resources." In 1947, during the Italian stage festival at the Cambridge Theatre, a copy of the *Teatro Olimpico* permanent set was brought to London. In 1925 the theatre was disused, as described by Mr. E. H. Shepard in an illustrated article in our issue of January 2, 1926. It is now restored, and interesting programmes are arranged there by the *Accademia Olimpica*. In September the "*Hippolytus*" of Euripides and a work by Paul Claudel will be given by the *Complesso Artistico di Roma*, and the *Piccolo Teatro* of Genoa is also to give performances.

Specially painted for "The Illustrated London News" by Alan Sorrell.





THE ASTONISHING BEAUTY OF PALLADIO'S THEATRE AT VICENZA : THE AUDITORIUM OF THE *TEATRO OLIMPICO*, SHOWING THE CLASSICAL TRIUMPHAL ARCH WHICH FORMS THE PERMANENT DECOR AND THE AUDITORIUM, WITH STATUES SILHOUETTED AGAINST A PAINTED SKY (*VELARIUM*), DURING A PERFORMANCE OF "*ÆDIPUS TYRANNUS*."



EXAMINING AND DEMONSTRATING THE FALSE PERSPECTIVE AND *TROMPE-L'ŒIL* EFFECT OF THE PERMANENT DECOR OF THE THEATRE AT CLOSE QUARTERS : A PARTY OF TOURISTS. THERE ARE THREE STREETS REPRESENTED AS LEADING OFF THE STAGE, AND APPARENTLY STRETCHING INTO THE FAR DISTANCE.

VICENZA'S UNIQUE *TEATRO OLIMPICO*: THE AUDITORIUM DURING A PERFORMANCE, AND TOURISTS EXAMINING THE CELEBRATED FALSE PERSPECTIVE OF THE PERMANENT DECOR.

Palladio's celebrated *Teatro Olimpico* at Vicenza is in use as a theatre to-day, and seasons of classical plays are given there regularly. Last September the productions included Racine's "*Britannicus*" and Corneille's "*Cinna*," given by a French company ; and the "*Antigone*" and other plays presented by Italian actors. The theatre also remains a place of great interest to tourists, as it has always been, and present-day visitors enjoy being able to inspect the famous false perspective of the permanent

stage-set at close quarters. As noted on our double-page painting of the theatre, Evelyn, the diarist, and subsequently Goethe, the poet and dramatist, recorded their impressions of the building. A later visitor, Mr. Ernest H. Shepard, the artist, described it as he saw it in 1925 in an article published in "*The Illustrated London News*" of January 2, 1926. He found it neglected, and thought it had "settled down to a contented and grey old age." Its original beauty is now restored.

Specially painted for "*The Illustrated London News*" by Alan Sorrell.



## PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



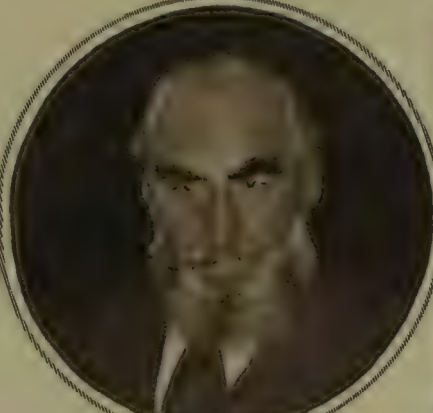
**A FORMER NEWSPAPER PROPRIETOR DIES :  
SIR BERTRAM FORD.**

A former managing director of Birmingham Post and Mail Ltd., Colonel Sir Bertram Ford died at Folkestone on July 20, aged eighty-six. Initially accountant of the *Birmingham Post and Mail*, he was subsequently appointed their manager and became managing director of the revised company for three years from 1947.



**DIED ON JULY 20, AGED EIGHTY-SIX :  
MR. CALOUSTE GULBENKIAN.**

The fortune of Mr. Calouste Gulbenkian, the oil magnate, has been estimated at £300,000,000. He left the bulk to create the Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation for charitable, artistic, educational and scientific purposes to benefit people of all nationalities; and his art collections go to this institution, which will have H.Q. in Lisbon. He named Lord Radcliffe, Dr. Perdigão, and his son-in-law, Mr. K. L. Essayan, as trustees. Lord Radcliffe, as a Lord of Appeal, is not free to take on the work as chief trustee. Mr. Nubar Gulbenkian and Mr. Mikael Essayan have been named as possible choices for full or temporary trustees. Mr. Gulbenkian's family receive important legacies.



**ONLY SON OF MR. C. GULBENKIAN :  
MR. NUBAR GULBENKIAN.**



**APPOINTED GOVERNOR OF BRITISH GUIANA :  
SIR PATRICK RENISON.**

It was announced on July 22 that Sir Patrick Renison had been appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of British Guiana in succession to Sir Alfred Savage, who has resigned because of ill-health. Sir Patrick, who is forty-four, was formerly Governor and Commander-in-Chief of British Honduras from 1952.



**DIED ON JULY 18, AGED SEVENTY-FIVE :  
THE BISHOP OF WORCESTER.**

The Rt. Rev. W. W. Cash, Bishop of Worcester since 1941, was a great missionary leader, and former General Secretary of the Church Missionary Society. An Arabic scholar, he saw much service as an Army chaplain in World War I; and he wrote many distinguished books.



**DIED ON JULY 19, AGED SIXTY-TWO :  
THE MAHARAJA OF KAPURTHALA.**

His Highness the Maharaja of Kapurthala, Paramjit Singh, died at his summer residence at Mussoorie, India, aged sixty-two. Educated at Harrow, he revisited England frequently. His heir, Prince Sukjit Singh, is at present an officer in the Indian Army.



**A GREAT AMERICAN STATESMAN DIES : MR. CORDELL HULL, THE WARTIME  
U.S. SECRETARY OF STATE.**

A former U.S. Secretary of State, an office he held for the longest term on record, Mr. Cordell Hull died in Washington on July 23, aged eighty-three. Like many famous American politicians, he entered public life via the law, and soon achieved prominence in Democratic circles. He went to the State Department under President Roosevelt in 1933, where he continued until his health failed in 1944. When he flew to Moscow to attend the Three-Power Conference in 1943, it was his first flight, although he was over seventy; Mr. Churchill thereupon referred to him as "that gallant old eagle." He was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1945 after retiring from his high office.



**NEW DEAN OF THE FACULTY :  
MR. C. W. G. GUEST.**

Mr. C. W. G. Guest, Q.C., appointed Dean of the Faculty of Advocates on July 20, was called to the Scottish Bar in 1925; and joined the English Bar in 1929. In 1952 he was appointed Sheriff of Ayr and Bute and in 1954 Sheriff of Perth and Angus.



**A FORMER PERSIAN PRIME MINISTER  
DIES : AHMED QAVAM ES-SALTANEH.**

The Prime Minister of Persia from 1946-47 and again in 1952, Ahmed Qavam es-Saltaneh died in Teheran on July 23, aged eighty-five. His final term of office lasted for four days, after which, in the face of national rioting, he resigned in favour of Dr. Moussadek.



**NOW IN OFFICE : BRIGADIER L. F. E. WIELER,  
NEW GOVERNOR OF THE TOWER OF LONDON.**  
Brigadier L. F. E. Wierler served during the war with the K.O.Y.L.I. He was Inspector of Physical Training, 1944-48, Provost Marshal 1948-52, and, until he left the Army last year, Deputy Commander, Home Counties District. He is seen with (l. to r.) Mr. W. H. Buckland (Yeoman Gaoler), Mr. A. C. Griffin (Chief Yeoman Warder) and Mr. L. A. Ellis (Yeoman Clerk).



**HONOURING THE PRESIDENT OF YALE AT A PILGRIMS' LUNCHEON : SIR  
CAMPBELL STUART (LEFT), LORD HALIFAX (RIGHT) AND THEIR GUEST,  
DR. A. WHITNEY GRISWOLD (CENTRE).**

At a Pilgrims' luncheon in London on July 20, the guest of honour was Dr. A. Whitney Griswold, the President of Yale University. Lord Halifax, who presided, wished success to Yale's "great project" in sponsoring a new edition of the works of Dr. Johnson. Dr. Griswold spoke of the peril of the neglect of a liberal education.



**RETURNING TO BUGANDA : THE KABAKA, SEEN  
WITH HIS WIFE.**

The Secretary of State for the Colonies announced on July 22 that the Buganda Lukiko had now accepted a draft of a new agreement that will enable the Kabaka, at present in exile in London, to return home. The Kabaka, who is thirty-one, was deposed in November 1953, when an official statement accused him of publicly opposing the policy of her Majesty's Government.



# ENGLAND'S STRUGGLE AT LEEDS: SCENES FROM THE FOURTH TEST MATCH.



BOWLED BY TAYFIELD AFTER MAKING 47: ENGLAND'S CAPTAIN, MAY, GLANCES AT HIS SHATTERED WICKET WHILE WAITE TAKES THE BALL AND MANSELL LOOKS ON.



WITH EAGER HANDS, MANSELL ACCEPTS A CATCH FROM DENIS COMPTON, AFTER THE BATSMAN HAD HIT A VALUABLE 61. THE WICKET-KEEPER IS WAITE.



GODDARD DROPPED BY GRAVENEY OFF WARDLE DURING SOUTH AFRICA'S SECOND INNINGS. THE OTHER BATSMAN IS MCGLEW AND THE WICKET-KEEPER IS MCINTYRE.



WARDLE'S JUBILANT APPEAL AS MCINTYRE CATCHES GODDARD BEHIND THE WICKET AFTER SCORING 74. LOWSON IS THE SLIP AND MCGLEW THE OTHER BATSMAN.



A NEAR MISS. MCINTYRE BEHIND THE WICKET STOOPS TO A BALL FROM WARDLE WHICH KEITH HAS ALMOST PLAYED ON TO HIS STUMPS.



ATTEMPTING A SWEEP TO LEG, KEITH IS BOWLED BY WARDLE AFTER SCORING 73. WARDLE'S FINE SPELL ON SATURDAY PERPLEXED THE SOUTH AFRICAN BATSMEN.

After England's bowlers had triumphed at Headingley, Leeds, on July 21, by dismissing South Africa on a perfect batting wicket for the small total of 171, the home side forfeited much of their advantage by poor batting, which brought them a lead of only 20 runs on the first innings. Top scorers for England were Denis Compton with 61 and the captain, Peter May, with 47. South Africa, batting again, at last appreciated that the wicket was devoid of hidden terrors, and settled

down to amass a big score. D. J. McGlew, still deputising for his injured captain, J. Cheetham, made a patient 133, W. R. Endean followed up his 41 in the first innings with a not out score of 116, and T. L. Goddard and H. J. Keith also played valuable innings. With a second innings total of 500, South Africa left England rather less than a day and a half in which to score the massive fourth innings total of 481 necessary for victory, or to dig themselves in for a draw.



A LAW CONFERENCE IN WESTMINSTER HALL,  
AND AVIATION IN BRITAIN AND THE U.S.A.



(ABOVE.) LANDING CRABWISE, ON THE LINE OF THE WHEELS AND NOT OF THE FUSELAGE: THE BOEING STRATO-FORTRESS B-52, WITH SWIVELLING LANDING WHEELS.

The U.S. *Stratofortress*, an eight-jet swept-wing long-range heavy bomber now being produced for the U.S.A.F., has landing wheels which swivel under the pilot's control, enabling it to land or take off in the crabwise position shown, an advantage in the case of cross-wind on the runway.



ENGULFING A HUGE OIL-TANKER CAR: THE LOCKHEED HERCULES, CLAIMED AS THE WORLD'S FIRST TURBOPROP CARGO AIRCRAFT, BUILT FOR THE U.S.A.F.  
The Lockheed *Hercules*, the first production turboprop transport built for the U.S.A.F., is powered by four 3750 h.p. Allison T-56-A-1 turboprop engines and can carry a load of 20 tons. It is being produced in quantity and will go to Transport Air Command carrier wings.

(RIGHT.) OPENING THE FIRST COMMON-WEALTH AND EMPIRE LAW CON-FERENCE: THE LORD CHANCELLOR, LORD KILMUIR, SPEAKING IN WESTMINSTER, WITHIN WHOSE WALLS "THE LONG BATTLE FOR FREEDOM WAS FOUGHT AND WON."

On July 20 the first Commonwealth and Empire Law Conference was opened by the Lord Chancellor in the splendid setting of Westminster Hall. There were about 800 delegates present, including the Chief Justices of Quebec, Ontario and Alberta; nineteen other Canadian Judges; six Australian Judges and two New Zealand Judges. In the course of his opening address Lord Kilmuir said: "We hope we may see this conference as a landmark and encouragement to men of good will not only in the Commonwealth and Empire, but throughout the world."



BRITAIN'S SMALLEST AND LIGHTEST FIGHTER: THE FOLLAND GNAT, WHICH MADE ITS MAIDEN FLIGHT ON JULY 18 AT BOSCOMBE DOWN, LANDING AT CHILBOLTON AFTER FIFTEEN MINUTES.  
On August 11 last year the Folland *Midge*, an experimental lightweight fighter, made its maiden flight; the *Gnat*, which has been developed from it on the order of the Ministry of Supply, has now made its maiden flight less than a year later. Its engine, the Bristol *Orpheus* turbojet, was also having its initial air test.



PREPARATIONS FOR THE REGULAR SOUTH BANK-LONDON AIRPORT HELICOPTER SERVICE, WHICH WAS TO HAVE STARTED ON JULY 25: A B.E.A. SPECIAL WESTLAND S.55 HELICOPTER.  
The helicopter service between London Airport and the South Bank air station, scheduled for July 25, was put forward owing to a technical hitch. The aircraft used are Westland S.55's, fitted with floats for safety and silencers to make them more suitable for a metropolitan service. The single fare is 35s., but this is subsidised and the service is expected to lose about £332 each day, the deficit being met by the Government.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



YEARS ago, and for many years, a famous nursery firm used what I always thought was a very clever advertising slogan, "Now Is The Time To Plant"—pæonies, pyrethrums, or whatever it seemed desirable that they should sell, and that their customers should buy—just then. I can not remember having seen that slogan for some years. Has it been dropped, I wonder, and if so, why? It seems a pity. "Now" is so immensely important in gardening. As far as I am concerned, now is almost always the time to plant almost anything, especially if it is something which a friend offers to give me from his garden. There are certain obvious exceptions, of course. Trees and large shrubs, for instance, in early summer when they are in full growth, and busy with masses of soft, young growth.

A year or two ago a generous friend offered me a fine hearty clump of a choice herbaceous pæony, and asked me if I would like to come for it in September. I said I'd much rather take it at once, in spite of the fact that it was in full growth, and covered with buds just ready to open. Though obviously surprised, he pandered to my special brand of lunacy. The plant was dug up and made the journey home wrapped in a wet sack. A hole was dug, filled with water, and the pæony settled into what was virtually a mud-pie. In spite of shading, the plant flaged, and the buds never opened. That did not worry me. I felt pretty certain that the fleshy roots were busy all that summer, sending out fresh young rootlets into the warm, moist soil. My son, who was with me when I took my pæony—and was offered its fellow—was horrified at these proceedings. He went back for his in September, the conventional time for transplanting pæonies. And the results from these two conflicting practices? I would like to claim that my specimen flowered far better, next summer, than my son's. But tiresome honesty compels me to admit that there was absolutely nothing in it. Both flowered superbly. To do this sort of thing one must, of course, be very brave, and, at the same time, take special pains and precautions.

A friend of mine, long since dead, alas, a very great gardener, and, like all good gardeners, most generous with plants, adopted a subtle technique in giving plants to greedy, ignorant garden visitors—the type who would ask for anything and everything purely for the getting something for nothing. With real gardener-friends whom he knew, he would say: "Do ask for anything, and if I can spare it you shall have it, now or later, whichever you prefer." But to scrounging something-for-nothings he would say, "Do ask for anything you'd like. Make a list, and write and remind me in the autumn; send the list and I'll do my best." That plan saved him an immense amount of labour in packing and posting, to say nothing of postage, for the greedy and ignorant scrounger is seldom prepared to go to the trouble of making a list and writing to remind. At the same time it must have saved countless good plants from a grisly death from neglect or wrong treatment. I was given many good plants by that friend, almost all of which were taken there-and-then and on the spot, regardless of the time of year, and casualties were surprisingly few.

There is, of course, a best time, or, at any rate, a conventional time for planting or transplanting every sort of plant, and although it is safest and wisest to conform to such times, I am strongly in favour of summer planting for a far wider range of plants than is widely and popularly practised. The majority of trees and shrubs are, of course, best planted in autumn or spring, and the same applies to most herbaceous plants, though the ideal time for planting the flag irises is soon after they have finished flowering. Many climbers and choice shrubs, as well as a few special trees, are grown by nurserymen in pots,

## "NOW IS THE TIME."

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

and so may be planted during the summer months; and it is surely a good thing to get them in then, so that they may become well-established and deeply rooted whilst the soil is warm and welcoming. If such planting is done during a warm, dry spell, it is good practice to dig an efficient hole, fill it to the brim with water, let it soak away, fill up again, and again let it soak away, and then plant. It is worth doing this whatever the weather is at the time, as a precaution against any drought that may follow, and as an extra precaution a good mulch is well worth while—compost,

shrubs which could not safely be delivered until autumn—or spring—you avoid the risk of their being sold out when your turn comes at the nursery. Also, if your order stands high on the nurseryman's list for execution, he will be selecting your plants before his stocks have been picked over. In other words, he will be able to send better specimens than he might be able to, later in the season. Not that I would suggest for a moment that any nurseryman ever sends out anything but the very best. But do as I suggest. Order now, and so ease the work in the nurseryman's office, avoid "sold out" disappointments and, at the same time, secure first pick from his stocks.

It is a good plan, too, to ask him to send your plants at what he considers the best time of the year for their welfare, especially in the case of things which might well be planted, perhaps from pots, during the summer months before the main bulk of trees and shrubs are sent. Orders which can be staggered in this way can do much to relieve the great rush of the autumn packing season on a nursery. If you can visit nurseries during the summer months, pick out the plants you want, and take them away with you, both you and your nurseryman will find it a capital plan. You are almost certain to fall for a number of jolly things which you would never have ordered in cold blood on paper.

When I was running my Alpine plant nursery at Stevenage it always struck me as odd that by far the greater part of the ordering and buying of rock-garden plants took place during the spring and autumn. Comparatively few were bought during the summer months. So many amateur gardeners seem to have a fixed idea that it is dangerous to move Alpines then. Nothing could be further from the truth, especially when about 90 per cent. of nursery-grown rock plants are raised in small pots, and so may be bought and planted out with their roots complete, ready, willing and waiting to take hold of their new surroundings without the slightest disturbance. The only luxurious refinement that might be indulged in, would be to fill each hole with water and allow it to soak away before putting the plant in.

For many years I collected rock-garden plants every summer in the Alps, dug them up, often in full flower, and kept many of them out of soil for a fortnight before I got them home and started to re-establish them. This, during the months of June and July. And I counted on re-establishing at least 80 per cent. of these collected plants. The risk, therefore, in planting pot-grown Alpines in summer is negligible.

Now, really, is the time to refurbish your rock garden, the safest and the pleasantest time, during the long and often holiday days of July, August and September.

One day last autumn a friend gave me a plant in a 5-in. pot. It was a climber with a slender 18-in. stem tied to a bamboo. It has small, softly velvety vine-shaped leaves, and had been raised from seeds sent from somewhere in South or Central America. It spent the winter on a window-sill in the house. In mid-June I planted it out at the foot of a west wall and gave it a tall bamboo to climb. This it did in great style and at a tremendous pace, clutching its bamboo support by hooking a leaf stalk round it here and there. A week ago it produced its first flowers. They come at short intervals up the stem, like foxgloves of a pleasing pink colour. Each bell or glove is 3 ins. long, and 1½ ins. across the mouth. Its name is *Maurandya erubescens*, a native of Mexico. Although by nature a perennial, it is tender or half-hardy. Apparently it is easily raised from seed, and I notice that Messrs. Thompson and Morgan, of Ipswich, offer the seed as a half-hardy annual, and that might be the simplest way of growing it here. On the other hand, a specimen could easily be grown in a pot, wintered indoors, and stood out during the summer to climb and flower as my specimen is doing.



"A WEEK AGO IT PRODUCED ITS FIRST FLOWERS. THEY COME AT SHORT INTERVALS UP THE STEM, LIKE FOXGLOVES OF A PLEASING PINK COLOUR": MAURANDYA ERUBESCENS, FROM A PLATE IN THE BOTANICAL REGISTER (1831). AT THAT TIME THE PLANT WAS KNOWN AS LOPHOSPERMUM SCANDENS.

"farmyard" or lawn mowings. Such summer planting is, I feel sure, not practised half as much as it might and should be.

Although the slogan "Now Is The Time To Plant" can not honestly apply to all plants at all times, "Now is the time to order from your nurseryman" most certainly does. By ordering now trees and

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THE INTERIOR OF A WEAVER'S COTTAGE, SPINNING-WHEEL ON THE RIGHT: A RECONSTRUCTION IN THE "ABBEY FOLD" SECTION OF ABBEY HOUSE MUSEUM, KIRKSTALL.



A HABERDASHER'S SHOP OF OVER 100 YEARS AGO: "ANN CARTER'S" WINDOW IN "HAREWOOD SQUARE."



SHOWING THE INGENIOUS RECONSTRUCTION: "HAREWOOD SQUARE," ABBEY HOUSE MUSEUM, WITH THE WINDOWS OF "ANN CARTER" AND "EDWARD BAINES," STATIONER.



THE Abbey House Museum, Kirkstall, Leeds, is a remarkable folk museum where aspects of the life of the city, 100 to 200 years ago, have been re-created by means of a reconstruction of craftsmen's shops such as supplied customers' needs before the Industrial Revolution. Last year "Abbey Fold," a "street" with a weaver's cottage, and saddler's, blacksmith's, (Continued below.)

(LEFT.) ADMIRING THE OLD BICYCLE IN "HAREWOOD SQUARE," WHICH SHE OPENED ON JULY 20: THE PRINCESS ROYAL WITH DR. D. E. OWEN AND MR. C. M. MITCHELL, DIRECTOR AND CURATOR, LEEDS CITY MUSEUM.



CONTAINING MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS MADE BY MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY, MANY FROM OVERSEAS: A RECONSTRUCTION OF MARK DEARLOVE'S ORIGINAL SHOP WHICH EXISTED TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO IN BRIGGATE.



SHOWING THE SUSPENDED STURGEON, SYMBOL OF LONGEVITY: THE INTERIOR OF THE APOTHECARY'S SHOP, WITH MUCH ORIGINAL LEECH'S EQUIPMENT.



"ABBEY FOLD," THE SECTION OF CRAFTSMEN'S SHOPS RECONSTRUCTED LAST YEAR: THE TANNERY (RIGHT), AND EXTERIOR OF THE WEAVER'S COTTAGE BEYOND.



THE WATCHMAKER'S, WITH OLD WATCHES, POCKET SUN-DIALS, ETC., AND GIVING A GLIMPSE OF THE WORK-BENCH BEYOND. ALL THE TOOLS ARE AUTHENTIC.

PRE-INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION LEEDS RE-CREATED: A "STREET" AND "SQUARE" OF CRAFTSMEN'S SHOPS IN A MUSEUM.

Continued.] wheelwright's and potter's workshops, was constructed; and on July 20, "Harewood Square," a further addition, with five shops—a stationer and bookseller; draper and haberdasher; apothecary; watchmaker; and violin-maker—was opened by the Princess Royal, thus completing a delightful and authentic picture of old Leeds. The apothecary and violin-maker share a reconstructed Tudor half-timber

building, while the other craftsmen's shops have typical eighteenth-century frontages. The stock includes many period goods. Dearlove's re-born nineteenth-century establishment is stocked with musical instruments sent from many places overseas where members of the family now live. It was, by the way, a Dearlove who provided emergency repairs to Paganini's Stradivarius violin at Harrogate in 1835.



A NEW WATER SPEED RECORD: MR. DONALD CAMPBELL IN BLUEBIRD.



STREAKING PAST THE MARKER BUOY AT THE END OF A RUN: MR. DONALD CAMPBELL IN *BLUEBIRD*, DURING HIS RECORD-BREAKING ACHIEVEMENT ON ULLSWATER ON JULY 23. HE MADE HIS FIRST RUN AT 215'08 M.P.H. AND HIS SECOND AT 189'57 M.P.H., GIVING HIM AN AVERAGE OF 202'32 M.P.H.



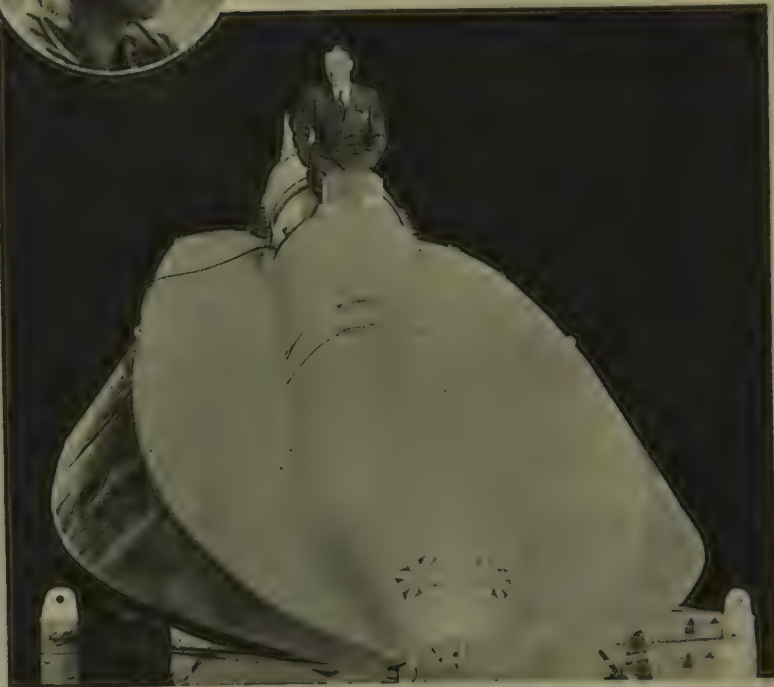
SEATED AT THE CONTROLS OF HIS BOAT BEFORE STARTING ON HIS RECORD-BREAKING ATTEMPT: MR. CAMPBELL GIVES THE THUMBS-UP SIGNAL TO HIS ASSISTANTS.



SUFFERING FROM A BACK INJURY AFTER HIS RECORD, MR. CAMPBELL STRETCHES HIMSELF ON A MOBILE CRANE. (ON THE LEFT) MR. DONALD CAMPBELL.



THE FASTEST PILOTED BOAT IN THE WORLD: *BLUEBIRD* HAS A METRO-VICKERS TURBO-JET ENGINE GENERATING 4000 HORSE-POWER, AND WEIGHS 2½ TONS.



A RECORD-BREAKER OF SIXTEEN YEARS AGO: SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL WITH THE BOAT IN WHICH HE SET UP A RECORD OF 141'74 M.P.H.

The world's water speed record is once more in Britain's hands. Mr. Donald Campbell achieved an average speed of 202.32 m.p.h. in his turbo-jet hydroplane *Bluebird* on Ullswater on July 23 (awaiting confirmation). He made two runs over the measured kilometre, at 215.08 m.p.h. on the first and 189.57 m.p.h. on the second. This triumph followed a week of disappointment, during which *Bluebird* failed twice when flying spray put out the engine's flame, and months of exhaustive preparation by Mr. Campbell and his team of wholehearted

experts, to whom he paid tribute after his attempt. In August 1939, Sir Malcolm Campbell, father of the present holder, broke his own speed record on Coniston Lake with a speed of 141.74 m.p.h. in a craft as different in appearance and power from the 1955 *Bluebird* as a *Gladiator* fighter aircraft is to a modern *Javelin*. In view of Mr. Campbell's remarks on the "water barrier," it is interesting to speculate upon how much faster it is possible to travel over the surface of even the smoothest lake.





(ABOVE.) A DEMONSTRATION WHICH GOT OUT OF HAND: RIOTERS AND LOOTERS WAVING NATIONAL FLAGS FROM THE WINDOWS OF THE HOTEL MAJESTIC, SAIGON.



IN THE COURTYARD OF THE HOTEL MAJESTIC, SAIGON: FURNITURE AND LUGGAGE THROWN OUT OF UPPER ROOMS BY THE RIOTING CROWDS IN THE VIETNAMESE CAPITAL.

ON July 20, the anniversary of the signing of the Geneva agreements on the partitioning of Indo-China, a "day of national shame," officially organised, got completely out of hand and angry mobs forced their way into two hotels used by the International Armistice Control Commission in Saigon and wrecked rooms and threw furniture, baggage and bedding out of the windows. Mr. Desai, the Indian President of the Commission, was man-handled by rioting students; and Mrs. Perle Mesta, formerly U.S. Ambassador to Luxembourg was escorted to safety by American Embassy Marine guards after the door of her room had been forced. It was over an hour before the police arrived with reinforcements and they fired over the heads of the crowd and used tear-gas bombs. In clashes with the rioters, two persons were killed and over fifty were injured. All the casualties were Vietnamese. The flat of Signor Gallina, the Italian Minister, was entered and State documents were destroyed.



(RIGHT.) ARMISTICE COMMISSION CARS BLAZING OUTSIDE THE HOTEL MAJESTIC AFTER BEING SET ON FIRE BY THE RIOTERS, WITH FIREMEN AT WORK.



POLICE, WHO WERE SLOW TO ARRIVE AFTER THE RIOTING STARTED, PLAYING FIRE-HOSES TO DISPERSE THE CROWDS IN THE BOULEVARD GALLIENI, NEAR THE HOTEL MAJESTIC.



THE ROOM OF THE ITALIAN MINISTER TO SAIGON AFTER IT HAD BEEN LOOTED BY THE RIOTERS.



## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

### THE MANED WOLF AND OTHER "DOGS."

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IT is a poignant story, that of the Antarctic wolf. Among the earliest recorded visitors to the Falkland Islands, a party from H.M.S. *Dolphin*, in 1767, returned to their ship without setting foot on shore. A group of wolf-like animals had waded into the water to meet them, and their seemingly ferocious aspect made the party deem discretion the better part of valour. Later visitors exposed this mistake, for they found these dogs were tame in the extreme. They approached the men wagging their tails. They were so unafraid of them that they would enter the tents by night and take food literally from under the sleepers. The men clubbed them. They would hold out a piece of meat with one hand and a knife with the other. Darwin, in his "Voyage of the Beagle," described, in 1833, how tame and common the animal was but predicted that it would soon be extinct, which it was by 1876. It was killed wantonly, it was killed for its fur. Moreover, although its natural food was the local wild geese and their eggs, when sheep farming became the staple industry of the Falkland Islands it took to killing sheep; and this sealed its doom. So this dog, the Antarctic wolf or Falkland Islands fox, as it was variously called, is lost to us for ever.

There are, however, relatives of the Antarctic wolf still living in South America. Smaller and less troublesome to man's flocks, they have continued to survive in large numbers. They include the crab-eating fox, or crab-eating dog, of Argentina and Paraguay, and the maned wolf of Argentina and Southern Brazil. There is also Azara's dog, ranging from Paraguay and the Chilean Andes to Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, and the colpeo, having much the same range but also extending into Bolivia. All are somewhat fox-like, to a varying degree, yet cannot be regarded as foxes, because the skull is dog-like. So the confusion in their names is matched by the mixture of dog-like anatomy and fox-like appearance and habits.

One of the more striking of these South American *Canidae* is the maned wolf, and by courtesy of the San Diego zoo, it is possible to show here not only the adult, but also a puppy (or is it cub?). The name is, once again, misleading, since the animal is not maned, although the hair round the neck is longer than on most parts of the body, nor is it a wolf. Its colour is a bright yellowish-red, and there is a black patch extending from the nape of the neck to the shoulders. The under-surface of the lower jaw is also black and the legs have black "stockings" that stand out conspicuously against the red of the body. The upper part of the throat is white, as are the insides of the ears and the tip of the tail. The colouring is, therefore, strongly reminiscent of our common red fox, and so are the ears and the sharp muzzle. The tail is, however, smaller and less conspicuous although bushy, its size appearing less by reason of the stilt-like legs. The front paws have the same appearance and pose as those of the red fox.

In habits the maned wolf is solitary. It never hunts in groups, but lies up in thickets and bushes by day, coming out in the evening to feed on small rodents, birds, reptiles, insects and fruits. Harmless to man, it may sometimes attack deer or even sheep. If it were not for the characters of the skull the maned wolf would probably have been classified as a fox; but the anatomist is a troublesome person to deal with and will insist on the overriding importance of the parts he studies.

The true foxes, as understood by the zoologist, belong more particularly to the northern parts

of the Northern Hemisphere. We may suppose, moreover, that the South American *Canidae* are all closely related. The other relatives of the maned wolf may therefore give some supporting evidence. Azara's dog is especially fox-like, with a long body, short legs, large ears and long, bushy tail. Its pelage is

may be black on the back with red legs, or dull grey, or grey with a very black back. Its muzzle is short and the tail also, although this is fox-like in so far as it is tipped, this time with black. The crab-eating fox lives in forests and jungle, feeding on rodents and birds and also on crabs. In the forest it hunts by scent, using sight in the open; and generally its habits are fox-like. It is, however, said to hunt in packs on occasion.

Dog, wolf or fox, or merely South American *Canidae*, with their own mixed peculiarities, we must leave them there, for our knowledge of them is severely limited. So, too, is our knowledge of our common red fox; at all events, it is not so abundant that we need not seek to increase it. I am therefore grateful to Mr. David Franks, of Co. Durham, for sending a cutting from the *Darlington and Stockton Times* of June 2. In this is an account by J. Fairfax-Blakeborough of a fox he saw on the moors, in an area which is not hunted. Watching it through binoculars, he "saw it pounce, then a grouse flew away. The fox had missed his prey but remained scratching about, before passing on to another grouse nest and a third. Exactly the same thing happened at all three—the hen grouse flew away and the fox remained some time in the vicinity. Eventually a gamekeeper shot the fox, and on examining the locale of the nests, found the fox had removed and buried the eggs, probably intending to return to eat them."

I happen to be particularly pleased to have this story. It is usually supposed that the so-called injury-feigning in ground-nesting birds, when the brooding hen slips off and runs along the ground as if with a broken leg or wing, or flutters just off the ground with an apparent injury, is "intended" to draw the predator from the nest. This certainly tends to be effective when the intruder is a human being, although I must say that whenever I have seen such a distraction-display my immediate impulse is to look for the nest, and usually I have found it. I have also seen it specifically stated that the distraction is particularly effective with foxes. My guess was, however, that if the fluttering hen escaped the clutches of the fox the nest would be the next object of its attentions. It is interesting to have this confirmed by at least one eye-witness. The trick of burying the eggs is also so very much in line with the normal habit of a fox when there is a superfluity of food.

Mr. Franks has also been good enough to send me several first-hand accounts of fox behaviour which I have been glad to add to my dossier. One illustrates a feature of the behaviour that I find particularly fascinating material for speculation. That is the care with which foxes appear to endeavour to break the trail of their scent. There are a number of such stories, of foxes when pursued running through a flock of sheep, rolling in a heap of farmyard manure, entering a stream and walking through the water to emerge farther up and on the other side, jumping on to a wall and running along the top before jumping down to continue its flight. In fact, anything to break the continuity of the scent. There is every appearance of the fox being acutely aware of the dangers of the scent trail it is laying down. Looked at from every angle there seems to be some consciousness, however rudimentary, of self, a characteristic we normally regard as exclusively human.

It would be most illuminating to know whether in the South American "dogs," so fox-like in many ways, there are tricks comparable with those of our red fox.



ONE OF SEVERAL MEMBERS OF THE DOG-FAMILY LIVING IN SOUTH AMERICA: THE MANED WOLF. ALTHOUGH VARIOUSLY REFERRED TO AS WOLVES, FOXES OR DOGS, THEY PARTAKE OF THE CHARACTERISTICS OF ALL THREE IN THEIR HABITS AND OUTWARD APPEARANCE, BUT IN THEIR ANATOMY COME NEAREST THE WOLVES AND JACKALS. THE MANED WOLF IS REMINISCENT OF THE FOX IN ITS COLOURING AND APPEARANCE, AND ALSO IN ITS HABITS. THE MOST REMARKABLE FEATURE ABOUT IT IS ITS VERY LONG, STILT-LIKE LEGS.



A YOUNG MANED WOLF, STILL WITH EYES UNOPENED, EARS NOT YET FUNCTIONING AND WITH NO HINT OF THE LONG LEGS YET TO COME.

Photographs reproduced by courtesy of the Zoological Society of San Diego.

generally grey and black, with some white on the undersides—but its skull is like that of the wolf and the jackal.

The crab-eating dog or fox—according to taste—is larger than the foregoing. Variable in colour, it



# THE TOMB OF A TALMUDIC LAWGIVER BELIEVED FOUND AT BETH SHE'ARIM.



A NEWLY-DISCOVERED TOMB IN THE JEWISH NECROPOLIS AT BETH SHE'ARIM: THIS MAY LATER PROVE TO BE THE TOMB OF RABBI YEHUDA HANNASI, THE GREAT COMPILER OF THE TALMUD. A DETAIL OF THE TOMB IS SHOWN, RIGHT.



A DETAIL OF THE TOMB ON THE LEFT: A SYMBOLICAL "ARK OF THE LAW," WITH A DOOR BETWEEN PAIRS OF PILLARS, ONE PAIR OF WHICH SUPPORTS A LION.



IN THE CATACOMBS OF BETH SHE'ARIM: A PILLAR CARVED FROM THE LIVING ROCK AND BEARING, IN RELIEF, A HUMAN FIGURE SUPPORTING THE SEVEN-BRANCHED CANDLESTICK.



THE MASSIVE ROCK DOOR OF ONE OF THE BURIAL CHAMBERS. THOUGH OF ROCK, IT IS CARVED TO SIMULATE WOOD AND STILL SWINGS ON ITS ROCK HINGES.

Since 1936, when Professor Mazar began excavations at the site, the ancient Jewish necropolis at Shekh-Abreg, near the Haifa-Nazareth road, has been increasingly regarded as the ancient Beth She'arim, where the Rabbi Yehuda Hannasi, in the middle of the second century B.C., compiled the Palestine Talmud (the code of Jewish oral law, which interprets that of the Bible); and recent excavations suggest that the actual tomb of this great scholar and lawgiver has now been found. This tomb (shown top left) bears the names Shim'on and Gamliel, which were the names of the lawgiver's two sons, and it may well be that further excavation will establish this point more

definitely. Some forty inscriptions have been discovered in the catacombs cleared in the last season and of these the great majority are in Greek, the Hebrew inscriptions being in the square script, but containing also Phœnician characters and a few in a script hitherto unknown. There are also said to be some Greek texts in Hebrew script. In the tombs—or rather, on the walls of them—have been found crudely-coloured inscriptions of a religious character (possibly done with a nail), and in these inscriptions the word "Thorah" (the Law) appears and also representations of the Menorah, or seven-branched candlestick. The necropolis was in use between the time of Hadrian and about 415 A.D.





PUTTING THE STARS TO FLIGHT: SPREADING JETS OF COLOUR HURLED INTO THE AIR ABOVE THE SUMIDA RIVER DURING THE ANNUAL PYROTECHNIC DISPLAY.



BLOSSOMING LIKE FIERCELY-COLOURED UNDERWATER FLOWERS: THE LONG TENDRILS AND PETALS OF THE FIREWORKS SWAY AND TOPPLE THROUGH THE NIGHT SKY.



INSCRIBING WEIRD PATTERNS ON THE VELVET SKY: THE FALLING CLUSTERS DAZZLE DURING THEIR BRIEF FLOWERING.



WATCHED BY OVER A MILLION-AND-A-HALF SPECTATORS, THE BLAZING SKY FINDS ITS REFLECTION IN THE DARK RIVER BENEATH. A SCENE DURING THE DISPLAY.

#### LIKE JAPANESE FLOWER-PAINTINGS ON THE VAST CANVAS OF THE NIGHT SKY: TOKYO FIREWORKS.

The annual display of fireworks on the banks of the Sumida River, near the Ryogoku Bridge in Tokyo, is one of the most colourful events of the year. More than a million-and-a-half spectators come from all parts of Japan to throng the banks of the river. Those who can afford it hire rooms in near-by restaurants

from which they can watch the display in comfort. Held at the end of July, this exhibition of pyrotechnics, almost botanical in its brilliance, is one of the sights of the capital. There are usually at least 9000 pieces of shooting fireworks, and another 2000 stationary displays, presenting altogether an unforgettable spectacle.





FLOWERING IN THE SKY: A FIREWORK LIKE A MULTI-COLOURED DANDELION CLOCK SUSPENDED ABOVE TOKYO'S LIGHTS.

"The exhalations, whizzing in the air," remarked Brutus, anticipating the astonishing and beautiful achievements of pyrotechnicians of later centuries, "give so much light that I may read by them." We have had our moments of illumination in these islands, of which the finest in recent years must have been the firework display following the Coronation of our present Queen. In

Japan, the annual display on the banks of the Sumida River has, over the centuries, become a competition between fireworks manufacturers, who vie with one another to produce the most brilliant and spectacular effects. As the photographs suggest, the exhalations whizzing in the Japanese air give so much light that even Guy Fawkes might have been able to read by them.





"A PLAGUE on, not both, but *all* your houses," I am liable to exclaim—and I dare say you are no more patient—when I read a serious study by any critic, however distinguished, who unwittingly gives the impression that what really matters is not so much the career of the painter with whom he is dealing, but his own reputation and judgment *vis-à-vis* those of other researchers in the same field. Indeed, quarrels about attributions—whether this or that painting is by So-and-So or by a follower, or is merely a late copy of the original—can be pursued with a venom only a few degrees less virulent than that distilled by the *odium theologicum*, which, as everyone knows, has brought such disasters upon the human race.

Fortunately, such intellectual duels, however fiercely conducted, are, in fact, innocent enough, and, if we were not so mentally lethargic, should be welcomed by all good citizens, for they prove that even in so grossly a materialistic age as our own there are still acute minds prepared to press on in pursuit of truth, which I take to be the ultimate aim of all sound scholarship; and if, from the wranglings of experts, some small facet of truth is revealed, we are that much nearer the millennium. If, then, you should find it tiresome to be reminded frequently, as you are in the Phaidon book on Andrea Mantegna,\* that opinions differ as to the authenticity of many paintings ascribed to this rare North Italian Master, remind yourself that it is owing to the investigations, extending over many years, of half-a-dozen or so bickering experts that we know as much as we do about so great a man, and are not wasting our time with a mass of second-rate work once credited to his hand. I suppose that for the majority of us in this country Mantegna comes first to life as the painter of that imposing "Agony in the Garden" in the National Gallery, built up in a series of solemn curves, and with its poignancy heightened by the gambolling rabbits in one small corner, while beyond, Judas leads the High



"MARCHESE LODOVICO GONZAGA MEETING HIS SON"; DETAIL FROM ONE OF THE FRESCOS BY ANDREA MANTEGNA (1431-1506) IN THE PALAZZO DUCALE, MANTUA.

"We do not know when the painting of the *Camera* (a room in the Palazzo Ducale, Mantua) was begun, but an inscription in it gives 1474 as the date of completion. . . . I subscribe to the opinion of those writers who recognise in the frescoes only one event, the solemn visit of Cardinal Francesco to Mantua on August 24, 1472," writes Mrs. Tietze-Conrat.

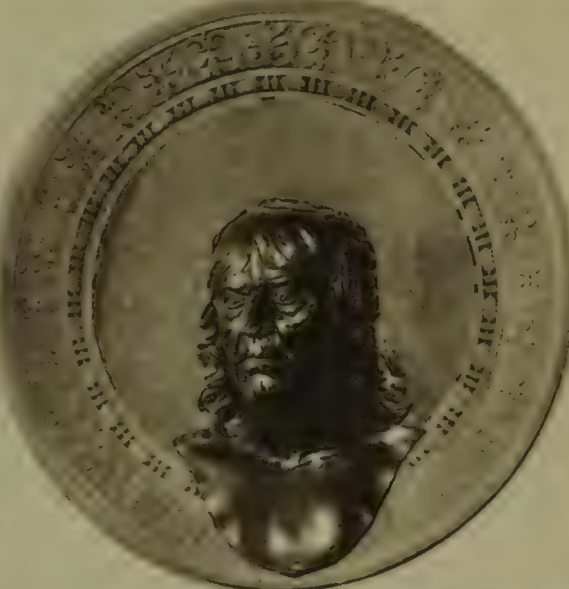
Priest and the soldiers to the garden—a picture, though, made ridiculous in modern eyes by the appearance of five singularly unprepossessing cupids being prayed to by the central figure. A picture also

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. A PAINTER OBSESSED BY THE PAST.

By FRANK DAVIS.

which, however solemn and grand, seems to lack entirely the tender mysticism of the same subject near by by Mantegna's brother-in-law, Giovanni Bellini.

Then there is the great ruin of a cartoon at Hampton Court—"The Triumph of Julius Caesar"—which (dare I say it?) everyone admires because they have been told it's a wonderful thing, not because they really enjoy it. Other pictures we know pretty well from certain reproductions; works as famous and as well-loved as "The Madonna and Child" in the Brera Gallery, Milan, with its circle of cherubim



"HEAD OF ANDREA MANTEGNA," BRONZE FROM THE FUNERARY CHAPEL, S. ANDREA, MANTUA.

"The portrait bust in Mantegna's funerary chapel was executed, in my opinion, shortly after his return from Rome. It represents him as about sixty. . . . He died in 1506, aged seventy-five.

singing with such whole-hearted gusto. What is not so familiar are (alas! were) the frescoes at Padua in the Eremitani Church, destroyed during the last war, and the paintings in the Ducal Palace at Mantua, at which place Mantegna was appointed Court Painter to the Marquis Lodovico Gonzaga in 1459, at the age of twenty-eight, after making a name for himself in Padua. In addition to two illustrations in colour, the paintings in the room of the palace known as the *Camera Degli Sposi* are shown in detail photographs, which, with the help of a little imagination on the part of the reader, provide an adequate impression of this astonishing performance, with its *trompe l'œil* ceiling, which is flat but seems to lead the onlooker upwards to the sky, and the powerful personalities of the Gonzagas crowding the walls; at first sight merely a courtier's flattery of his employers, but what a courtier!—one who made no concessions to prettiness, yet endowed his subjects with grandeur and, moreover, in the inscription, paid homage to himself no less than to them—a man who had no doubts about his own importance and who valued before all things his own independence. He seems to have been as quarrelsome as most. "Mantegna was inclined to see himself as surrounded by enemies. Constantly he plied the Marchese with complaints about his neighbours, by whom he felt himself offended and damaged; and their grievances, in turn, were no less vehement. Sometimes Lodovico openly took sides with his painter, 'the very tip of whose foot he valued above a thousand louts like the complainant' (letter of August 1, 1468); sometimes he tried to soothe some irritable nobleman like Francesco Alliprandi, who, in a quarrel over some stolen apples in September 1475, described Mantegna thus: 'He is, in fact, such a disagreeable and objectionable person that none of his neighbours can live at peace with him.' A few days earlier the engraver Simone Ardizzone had complained to Lodovico that he had been beaten within an inch of his life by a gang of ruffians, and although he did not name Mantegna as the instigator of this attack, his statement points clearly enough in that direction."

Not, in short, a lovable character, any more than Michelangelo and a dozen others who have left their mark on the world. Nor is the point of any great consequence, documentary evidence (or mere tittle-tattle?) notwithstanding, for men of this accomplishment deserve to be judged by their works, not by their personal eccentricities. If the bronze head from the chapel at Mantua, apparently taken from the life, can be accepted as evidence, he could well have possessed a temperament, but what intelligence and force of character! As to the theory that the colossal

head (Plate I.), now destroyed, but once in the Eremitani Church, is a self-portrait, I can see little resemblance between that and the much later bronze; the truth is surely anyone's guess, remembering that there is a certain self-conscious air about it, and that, once you have formed an impression of a man's character from other evidence, it is fatally easy to look at a portrait which seems to fit your mental picture and decide that this must be he.

I suppose it is next to impossible for us to sense the atmosphere of the University of Padua in the fifteenth century, where the sensitive and gifted Andrea, adopted son of Squarcione, who seems to have been as much contractor as painter, was brought up—a place where reverence for the antique (as the antique was then known) was very nearly a religion. It must have been then that Mantegna began that obsession with the past—the Roman past, as revealed by the coins, ruins and Greco-Roman sculpture then being studied—which was to remain with him all his life, so that even when he was painting a purely religious picture, you feel he had at the back of his mind a romantic vision of a world in which men and women moved in imperial grandeur; indeed, sometimes not as men and women at all, but as statues come to life. In this connection, Mrs. Tietze-Conrat refers to an extraordinary account of an excursion to Lake Garda made by Mantegna and three of his friends in 1464—so odd a document that she is tempted to regard it as a forgery. They rowed across the lake singing, they called themselves by classical nicknames, they crowned themselves with garlands, they prayed to the divine thunderer, they copied inscriptions. It all seems credible enough to me, as, I believe, it will be credible to anyone who studies the illustrations in this most excellent book. Nor need this somewhat theatrical voyage greatly astonish the inhabitants of the British Isles: our eighteenth-century sculptors, for example, were in the habit of seeing statesmen as Roman senators, rather than as English country gentlemen, and—in their rather dry way—were as obsessed by the antique as any fifteenth-century Italian.

Mantegna signed his "San Sebastian in Vienna" (Plate 35) in Greek letters; our queer old Nollekens, at the end of the eighteenth century, paid the same tribute to the classical past on many a marble. No doubt Mantegna's passion for ruins and ancient glories prevented him from becoming a very great painter; putting the point in another way, perhaps the years



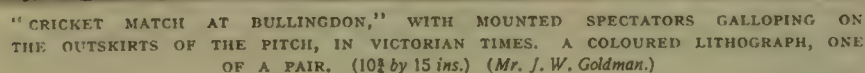
"MADONNA AND CHILD WITH CHERUBIM"; BY ANDREA MANTEGNA (1431-1506). (Panel; 35½ by 28½ ins.) (Brera, Milan.)

"Usually identified as the picture made for Eleonora d'Arragona, the consort of Ercole I. d'Este. . . . The rich variety of foreshortened heads leads to the inference that Mantegna may have had in his studio a set of casts from such heads, as we know existed in Melozzo da Forlì's estate."

he spent among learned antiquarian dons at Padua ossified his imagination; he might have freed it had he spent more time amid the brighter spirits of Florence. The book is a complete history of Mantegna's life and work, and various controversial pictures are discussed. One somewhat surprising opinion refers to the "St. Jerome," seen at the Tate Gallery recently in the Sao Paulo, Brazil, Exhibition, as not by Mantegna; I must say that when I saw it it seemed to have Mantegna's name written all over it.

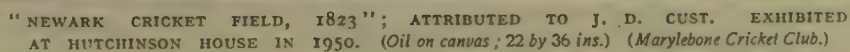
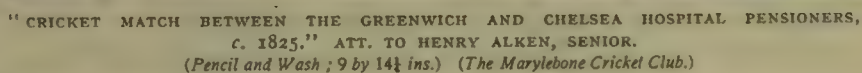
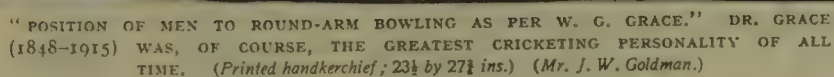
\* "Mantegna, Paintings, Drawings and Engravings." Complete edition by E. Tietze-Conrat. 200 illustrations; 8 in colour. (Phaidon; 42s.)





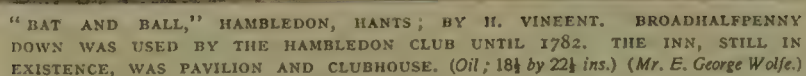
CRICKET, once somewhat erroneously described by a Frenchman as a pastime for which twenty-two Englishmen dressed in white become immobilised in a field, is vital to the "good life" as desired by most Englishmen. Boys play it in youth and few men of our race grow weary of watching

[Continued below, right.]

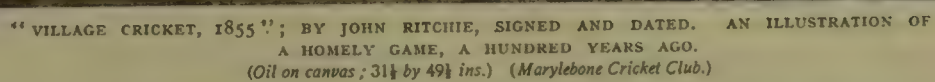


*Continued.]* a first-class match. The current exhibition, "Two Centuries of Cricket Art," at the Graves Art Gallery, Sheffield, has been organised in connection with the Centenary of Bramall Lane Cricket Ground, Sheffield, which falls this year; and it opened early this month, and is to continue until August 7. The collection includes oil paintings, water-colours and prints illustrating the great appeal of cricket to two centuries of British and Commonwealth artists. Top-hatted cricketers are shown playing in eighteenth-century parks, and near by are exhibited paintings of famous cricket grounds of to-day in England and the Commonwealth. The first reliable cricket records date from the eighteenth century and include a

*[Continued below, left.]*

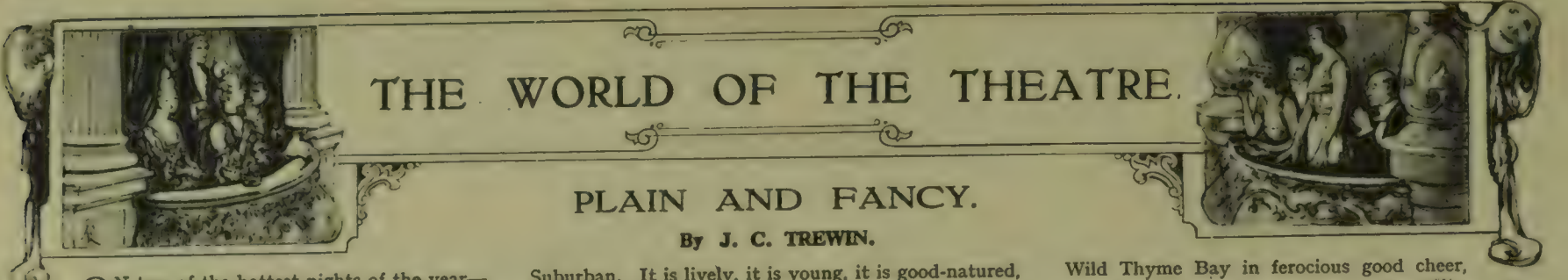


reference to a match between West Kent and Chatham in 1705. Frederick, Prince of Wales, son of George II., took an active interest in the game, and the earliest fully recorded score of a match was that decided on the Artillery Ground at Finsbury in June 1744, when Kent won by one wicket. In the latter part



of the eighteenth century the Hambledon Club was able to hold its own against All England. The first recorded match played by the Marylebone Cricket Club was in 1788, the club having been founded the previous year by Thomas Lord, born in 1757, a cricketer of some note, and the eponymous hero of Lord's.





THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

PLAIN AND FANCY.

By J. C. TREWIN.

ON two of the hottest nights of the year—"English summer's here to-day: I hope it stays a little while," sang someone in "Wild Thyme"—we had, and most reasonably in the circumstances, two light musical plays. It would have been like the Fates to have asked us to look at Strindberg while we mopped our brows, or else to have forced us to spin round and round after the tail-in-mouth theories of Pirandello. But, happily for us—and, no doubt, feeling under the weather themselves—they sent us to Wild Thyme Bay and to Addison Park: both fictional, though I dare say that the authors, Philip Guard ("Wild Thyme") and Maurice Browning ("Twenty Minutes South") had each some model in mind.

After coming from the Duke of York's and Wild Thyme Bay on the second of the two nights, I realised that my heart lay there. Not because of any special wit in the dialogue—for there is none—but because of a pervading and wholly irrelevant charm, a gentle flowering of the imagination that "Twenty Minutes South" (at the St. Martin's), for all its athletic goodwill, does signally lack.

Musical comedy in these days seems to be either some brassy visitor from Broadway—often quite enjoyable when it comes, but fiercely over-boomed—or else a gentle caper said, hopefully, to be redeemed by the spirit of youth. Here is the fashionable mode on the light-musical stage: youth, simplicity, a wide-eyed charm. The truth is (though I whisper it) that this can be as insipid in the theatre as the other kind can be tediously high-powered. What the next move will be, none can prophesy; but some of us suggest that musical comedy must have, above all else, comedy and music. There are several gently insinuating composers—Peter Greenwell and Donald Swann are two of them—but we have very few writers of good comedy or, it would seem, players capable of putting it over in the right broad and generous manner.

To-day, when in doubt, a producer turns to elaborate and vigorous dancing. And, if we are candid, an evening of these feverish gyrations can tire all but the most fanatical. They are not a good substitute for comedy. Another retreat is into verbal

Suburban. It is lively, it is young, it is good-natured, but it does not go really mad, it does not pepper its own hair or ours with straws. At the Duke of York's, on the other hand, the world is visually mad in the most agreeable sense, for Wendy Toye has enlisted Ronald Searle to do the settings.

Mr. Searle, having now proved his gift for stage decoration, should always be in or about the theatre. He is whimsical in the right way. His hair, as they



THE LONDON SEASON OF THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE COMPANY OPENED AT THE PALACE THEATRE ON JULY 21 WITH A PRODUCTION OF "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING," DIRECTED BY JOHN GIELGUD—SEEN ABOVE AS BENEDICK. "KING LEAR," WHICH WILL ALSO BE PERFORMED, IS DUE TO HAVE ITS FIRST NIGHT ON JULY 26. PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THIS PRODUCTION APPEAR ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

Wild Thyme Bay in ferocious good cheer, wearing, I believe, a straw boater. The one possible quotation here is Kipling (adapted):  
And the dawn comes up like thunder,  
Laughing loud across the Bay.

Before long the curtain, overcome, descends, and we find ourselves looking again at the astonished birds and adventurous snails of Mr. Searle's own personal drop-curtain. At that point we shake out the accumulating straws and turn round, prepared to find the Dong with the Luminous Nose behind us, and maybe the Dormouse-in-Teapot over on the right.

Mr. Searle's third act is a charming and perfectly legitimate picture of a Devon public bar. Thanks to his visual aid, we are at the evening's end before we realise that there has been very little in the text, that a "passionate porter" and a famous singer have eloped, friendly-fashion, to Devon (escaping, I believe, from the Urn), and that they have found the right partners again before curtain-fall. Denis Quilley (romantic porter), Betty Paul (French singer), Colin Gordon (peevish impresario) and Jane Wenham (angry waitress) are an untiring quartet; Mr. Swann has written some singable music (I have been trying to whistle one number, with indifferent success, for days); but we come away from the theatre, realising that the night (directed by Wendy Toye) has been largely a Searle-whirl. "Not musical comedy as we have been used to think of it, but for some of us a cheerful change.

"Twenty Minutes South," which I mentioned here when it was done at the Players' Theatre—it has been slightly reconstructed—has a determinedly everyday base. Alas, it is never fancy-free. There are jests about lawn-mowers and chrysanthemums; there is a trio of more-or-less juvenile delinquents. It is genial and brisk, a club party, friends-together. Far worse things, I agree, but this party, for all its goodwill, does not take us off the ordinary beat. Peter Greenwell is clearly a musician; Hattie Jacques has produced with authority; and we can always watch two players with delight. Daphne Anderson is one of our most engaging actresses (her part, the managing country cousin, seems to have side-slipped midway); and in



A SCENE FROM "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING," WITH (L. TO R.) ANTHONY IRELAND AS DON PEDRO, PEGGY ASHCROFT AS BEATRICE, JOHN GIELGUD AS BENEDICK, JUDITH STOTT AS HERO, HELEN CHERRY AS URSULA, AND MOIRA LISTER AS MARGARET.

say in that old Scots farce, "Philotus," is "full of oaties." He transforms the little piece on which he has worked. Asked to design a railway waiting-room, he has produced a fantastic composition in pinks and greys—St. Pancras, where art thou?—governed by an immense and fretful monster of a tea-urn that, at any moment, released from what I feel sure is its Superior Gothic design, will go whiffing through the tulgey wood. Beyond the waiting-room and the urn there are tantalising glimpses of the terminus of St. Padoria Cross; Mr. Searle, we gather, has lived in a railway station and, especially, the type from which trains start "very early one fine morning." At other times of the day any hopeful passenger is left alone with the Urn. A place for brooding, St. Padoria Cross at nightfall: I wish we had been allowed to see it.

Presented next with a "meadow," Mr. Searle transforms Glorious Devon into a Searle-struck world with as many capering rabbits as Tree put into the "Dream," a majestic owl that dims its headlights, inquiring birds, some mixed fauna, quantities of peripatetic flora (Mr. Clarence Elliott's hand is needed here) and a collapsible caravan. Moreover, the artist has allowed a crescent moon to climb the sky at some speed—the moving moon, you remember, went up the sky and nowhere did abide—and has adorned it with a pleasantly rakish nightcap. We have only just said good-bye to the moon when the sun looms over



(L. TO R.) VERGES (DAVID O'BRIEN), LEONATO (ANTHONY NICHOLLS), AND DOGBERRY (GEORGE DEVINE) IN A SCENE FROM "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

whimsy, and that can be just as dangerous. One does not observe any new A. A. Milnes around, and the lesser whimsy can fade to coyness.

In the two new musical plays, "Twenty Minutes South" has a great deal of dancing. "Wild Thyme" has a good deal of whimsy. My vote here is for the second, because Philip Guard has at least allowed his imagination to frisk. "Twenty Minutes South" concentrates on home and the office—City and

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"TWENTY MINUTES SOUTH" (St. Martin's).—We are in Addison Park (twenty minutes south of the Thames), and we are in the City. The suburbs and the office are set to music: score by Peter Greenwell, book by Maurice Browning. Daphne Anderson is now the country cousin from Yorkshire who is candid and tactless, who scatters her relatives like chaff and who knits them together again. She is a first-class actress (the part is not good enough for her) and one of the true pleasures of an undistinguished but amiable piece. The other pleasures are Louie Ramsay's eager charm and some of the dancing. (July 13.)  
"WILD THYME" (Duke of York's).—Here we are under the Urn in the waiting-room of St. Padoria Cross—the London station: didn't you know?—preparing to swoop down to a Devon (Wild Thyme Bay) where it is always summer. There, by courtesy of Ronald Searle, the designer, the most extraordinary moons and suns shine over the sweet musk-roses and the eglantine, the rural residents and urban intruders, the owls and the rabbits. This musical comedy by Philip Guard, with a likeable score by Donald Swann, has a production (Wendy Toye's) that makes the most of everything, and a cast—Betty Paul, Colin Gordon, Denis Quilley, Jane Wenham, inseparable names—that works loyally. And remember Frank Duncan in his three parts, two seen, one heard. (July 14.)  
"MLLE. FIFI" (Festival Hall).—In this new comic trifle by Zachary Solov, with music by Theodore La Jarte, Alexandra Danilova—happily returned and leading the Festival Ballet—burlesques a circus artist with two lovers, a father (Anton Dolin) and son (Michael Maule). (July 18.)

future we shall hear a lot of Louie Ramsay, who has the best kind of confident attack.

In my home village during the Dark Ages, teas were split between Plain (lots of bread-and-butter) and Fancy (which flowered into curious mounds of cake and bun). Let the names stand for a week in the theatre: the St. Martin's is Plain, the Duke of York's is Fancy. Even so, and with a sigh, I cannot pretend that either is, for me, the musical-comedy of the future (though for this I have already signed up Mr. Searle).



GIELGUD'S FOURTH "KING LEAR." THE STRATFORD COMPANY IN LONDON.



"I MIGHT HAVE SAVED HER . . . CORDELIA, CORDELIA, STAY A LITTLE": LEAR (JOHN GIELGUD) WITH THE DEAD CORDELIA (CLAIRE BLOOM) AND KENT (ANTHONY NICHOLLS).



IN COSTUMES AND WITH COIFFURES DESIGNED BY THE JAPANESE SCULPTOR, MR. NOGUCHI: CORDELIA (CLAIRE BLOOM), GONERIL (HELEN CHERRY) AND REGAN (MOIRA LISTER).



THE JAPANESE DÉCOR: (L. TO R.) THE FOOL (DAVID O'BRIEN), KENT (ANTHONY NICHOLLS), LEAR (JOHN GIELGUD), A KNIGHT (POWYS THOMAS) AND GONERIL (HELEN CHERRY).



KING LEAR AND THE BLINDED GLOUCESTER: SIR JOHN GIELGUD AND MR. GEORGE DEVINE, WHO DIRECTS THE PRODUCTION BY THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE COMPANY.



KING LEAR ON HIS THRONE BEFORE HE HAS HANDED OVER HIS POWER TO HIS DAUGHTERS: SIR JOHN GIELGUD, APPEARING FOR THE FOURTH TIME IN HIS CAREER IN THE GREAT RÔLE.

The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Company's eagerly awaited London season of eight weeks opened at the Palace Theatre on July 21 with "Much Ado About Nothing." "King Lear," which is being given on alternate weeks during the season, was due to have its *première* on July 26. The company, headed by Sir John Gielgud and Miss Peggy Ashcroft, has just returned from giving these two Shakespearean plays at the Vienna, Holland and Zurich festivals; and after its London appearance is due to visit Germany, Denmark and Norway. This new

production of "King Lear" is the fourth in which Sir John Gielgud has, during his career, played the tremendous title-rôle. It is a highly unusual one, in that the costumes and *décor* have been designed by the Japanese sculptor, Mr. Isamu Noguchi, who has obviously found inspiration in his national art, especially in the costumes and coiffures of the women. Mr. George Devine, who directs "King Lear," also plays the important part of Kent; and the Cordelia is Miss Claire Bloom.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

A NOVELIST whose talent, intelligence and "execution" are familiar and reliable, may be an uncertain quantity just the same. For he has always the problem of another subject. Some writers take this in their stride, and then we don't notice the difficulty; but others seem to depend on a lucky break. Every so often, they excel themselves—and therefore we are always wondering if it has happened again. Has it, for instance, happened in "The Oracles," by Margaret Kennedy (Macmillan; 12s. 6d.)? This writer is an outstanding case in point; for she has nearly all the talents, but they are usually in quest of a theme. At least two have been "given" her: the wild civility and freshness of "The Constant Nymph," and then the wonderful little historical canvas of "Troy Chimneys." That was, of course, her latest book; and after that surprise one can expect anything. But for the moment we are back to interim work: to a mature, well-executed, ordinary novel—to the theme of Art—and to an echo of "The Constant Nymph," partly deglamorised.

Not altogether so; for Conrad Swann is the bohemian genius as of old, while his neglected brats, though they have not the radiance of the young Sangers—though all but one are "timid, low-spirited children, easily terrified, and with a mania for concealing themselves"—exude a forlorn kind of poetry. Conrad (presumably) is a great sculptor; and two years ago he eloped with the wife of his best friend, his boyhood's Jonathan from Boogie Woogie. Not out of heartlessness, but in a spiritual convulsion, which is getting worse. Meanwhile, his Artefacts and Forms have been enjoying the patronage of Martha Rawson, the Mæcenas of East Head, who is resolved to push them down the throats of the vulgar. Whereas the Swann children are scared of Artefacts. The town in general is posed by them. Dickie Pattison, the solicitor, has tried to like them, but he is just not up to it. And Christina knows they are no good. She is a dear girl, a devoted wife; but she is for ever telling him what's what. . . .

That is the position on the first night of the thunderstorm. Next day, the "Cygnets" find a bogey-Artefact under their great tree. The tree has been destroyed by lightning; so has the chair—for really this abominable, hopping enemy is an old chair. But they don't recognise it, and Seraphina valiantly imprisons it in the shed: displacing for the purpose a benignant object, a "poor Form." That night, Swann has a mental breakdown and disappears. Martha retrieves the Thing, launches it as his new Apollo, and starts a purchasing campaign. . . .

This is a first-rate notion, but not serious. Yet it is treated seriously. Also, one can't help feeling that the author is sitting on the fence about Artefacts. The really grave theme is the rift between the Pattisons, and Christina's transformation from a spoilt child in the wrong to an unloved, unmerited Griselda. This occurs too fast; but it is very skilful and pathetic.

## OTHER FICTION.

"The Sea of Glass," by Dennis Parry (Hamish Hamilton; 12s. 6d.), might be described as marginal—or a long anecdote, which means the same thing. But an amazingly original and brilliant anecdote. David Lindley, the narrator, is recalling an episode of his youth: the time he stayed at Aynho Terrace as an undergraduate. He has no family in England, so Mrs. Ellison has invited him for the summer holidays. It is a remarkable house all round, with its frail, dignified old chateleine, its butler-buffoon, and its fantastic tawdriness of *décor*—the creation of Mr. Ellison deceased, an industrial go-getter who "combined a strict sense of economy with the æsthetic taste of a Yahoo." But these are trifles to the granddaughter from Chinese Turkestan. David first meets her on a bedroom landing in the dark, stark naked, with a knife in her hand. Next day she is revealed as a young lioness in a kind of djibbah, with a belief that somebody is out to murder her. "For gain," she informs David tersely. Such are the ways of Doljuk, where she has been brought up—by two expatriates, a Robin Hood in the arms racket, and a "holy saint of God" named Serafina Filipovna, who was bitten to death by barking spiders. David is sold on the late Fulk, mad about Doljuk, fascinated by its Noble Savage; but he discounts the theme of enemies. And yet there is an enemy: her wicked uncle, with his really awful transparency. There is a conflict about the old lady's will. Almost, there is a murder charge. . . . Then the affair blows over, and Varvara drifts out of his life; she was a brilliant episode, like the whole story. If there were a centre of concern to match the wit, farce, penetration and exuberance, it would be hard to praise it too much.

"The Other Half of the Orange," by J. M. Scott (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), is an Alpine love-adventure. While Martin Henson was escaping into Switzerland during the war, he shared a guide with a strange girl. That night, she said things that have made a difference to him. Yet he has never thought of looking for her, or even of connecting her with his failure to settle down. But now an opportunity comes of itself. Hector St. Ruth, the godson of his old friend General Langley, was supposed to have been killed at Dijon with a group of partisans. Now there is evidence, or seeming evidence, that he survived. But if so, what became of him? . . . It is the old familiar ground, the Alpine frontier; and Martin has a double reason for his return. The girl is not far to seek. She lives under the Rombert glacier, waiting for it to give up a dead body; and on the glacier his two errands coalesce. This is a really thrilling climax; and the tale has not only colour and suspense, but a decided charm.

"Sky High," by Michael Gilbert (Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.), starts at the Brimberley choir practice—with Mrs. Artside at the harmonium, Major MacMorris (if he is a major) making himself agreeable to Sue Palling, Tim Artside raging at his cheek, and someone unknown rifling the poor-box. That is the first straw in the wind; and presently the phony major's house is blown up. Of course it may have been an accident. The victim may have been a "country-house burglar"—for there is one around—hoist with his own store of explosives. But Liz Artside is determined to make sure. The people are good company; but, for this writer, the developments are something of a let-down.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

WITH all respect for the United States and Yugoslavia, I look upon the U.S.S.R. and Hungary as the world's consistently strongest chess-playing nations. The game I publish this week was the gem of the recent match at Budapest, in which the U.S.S.R. beat Hungary 20—12. Since then, a U.S. team visiting Moscow has been beaten 25—7.

## SICILIAN DEFENCE.

KERES	SZABO	KERES	SZABO
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-K4	P-QB4	5. Kt-QB3	Kt-B3
2. Kt-KB3	P-Q3	6. B-KKt5	P-K3
3. P-Q4	P×P	7. Q-Q2	B-K2
4. Kt×P	Kt-KB3	8. Castles (Q)	Castles

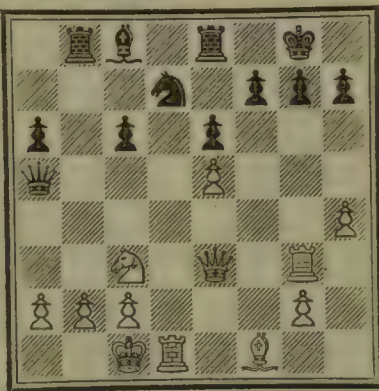
All is normal to here. Black had a good alternative defensive system in 7... P-QR3 and 8... B-Q2 which he has rejected for the equally good 7... B-K2 and 8... Castles. But instead of continuing with the correct 9... B-Q2 or (probably best) 9... P-K4, he "mixes his variations" by coming back to 9... P-QR3; too slow a continuation for this highly critical defence.

It is supposed to be especially bad to "mix your drinks," though I could never quite follow the logic of this widespread belief. To mix your variations in chess, however, is awful.

9. P-B4 P-QR3? 10. P-K5  
Bang!  
10... P×P 11. Kt×Kt P×Kt  
11... Q×Qch is bad, e.g., 12. R×Q, P×Kt;  
13. P×P, Kt-Q4; 14. B×B, Kt×B, and now after  
15. B-B4 and 16. Kt-K4, this knight settles on Q6  
when White wishes; meanwhile Black cannot continue smoothly with his development, as either  
15... B-Kt2 or 15... B-Q2? would lose a piece.  
12. P×P Kt-Q2 13. P-KR4 R-Kt1  
13... Kt×P? 14. Q×Q would lose Black a piece.  
14. Q-K3 R-K1

To free Black's queen from defending the bishop on her K2—as long as she is on Q1 her knight is pinned. And... B×B; P×B opening up the White rook's file along the KR file is, of course, unthinkable.

15. R-R3 Q-R4 17. R-Kt3 R-K1  
16. B×B R×B



18. R×Kt!

The sort of sacrifice Keres never misses. Black's knight was all-important for the defence of his king's position, which is now denuded.

18... B×R 19. B-Q3 P-R3?

Euwe has, since the game, worked out a maze of variations here to show how little Black can do.

20. Q-B4! K-B1 22. Q-B6ch K-B1  
21. R×P! K×R 23. B-Kt6 Resigns

## THE FAR EAST: AN AMERICAN FAMILY: A JOCKEY'S LIFE.

IN the year 1900 a little girl stood on the veranda of her home above the Yangtse River and wondered sadly why her whole world was being torn apart. It was the period of the Boxer risings. Resentment against foreigners was quickly spreading south from far-away Peking, and the little girl's missionary father decided that it was no longer safe to stay in what had once been the happy-go-lucky country of China, whose people were lazy and rather dirty, no doubt, but always friendly and good-natured. Now all that was to change. The little girl was only eight years old. Her name was Pearl Buck. "Half a century and more has passed over my head since then," she writes in "My Several Worlds" (Methuen; 21s.), "two world wars and the cruel snarl in Korea, and yet I see myself upon the veranda of the bungalow that was long ago torn down, a child, facing the changing world.

The feelings then in my childish heart, the forebodings and the sadness, were right enough, for all has come to pass as I felt it might." That is the prevailing atmosphere of this sad, wise book, which sums up with a deadly accuracy, yet with sympathy and courage, the feelings of all those of my own generation, and of the survivors from the pre-1914 world, who have seen their civilisation shattered and their values denied, their fathers, their friends and their children killed on battle-fronts in every continent, and are now watching the storm-clouds piling up on the red horizon. There is not an ounce of bitterness in this book, and no defeatism. I have said that it has the quality of courage, and Miss Buck's courage is of the kind that refuses to seek refuge in false emotion or in false judgment. She has not allowed herself to be battered into insensibility, but has kept her heart alive. Yet with so much feeling she maintains a cool and detached view of men and of movements, always readier to deplore than to condemn, and to find, if she can, excuses as well as explanations. Here, for instance, is her verdict on Chiang Kai-shek: "I do not propose to blame him now for these doings. He had risen to a place of great power suddenly and without previous preparation, and it was inevitable that he behaved in the only ways that he knew, which were the traditional ways of the military conqueror who kills his enemies if they will not bargain with him. . . . Chiang Kai-shek did the best he knew, but he did not know enough. I do not know whether ignorance can be called a crime. If so, then many in this world are guilty, and I see them here in my own country, too, in high places." I wish I had space to quote from her more extensive judgment about the United States and the part that it has to play on the world's stage. "I am therefore hopeful," she concludes. "In spite of dismaying contradictions in individuals in our national scene, I feel the controlling spirit of our people, generous, decent, sane. In this mood of faith and hope my work goes on. . . ." This is a book which will, I hope, be widely read, for it contains more than a touch of that "pain and weariness, yet hope of better things" which the late Cardinal Newman held to be the mark of great literature.

It is perhaps a little unfair to set Miss Ethel Mannin's story of a journey through modern Burma, "Land of the Crested Lion" (Jarrolds; 16s.), beside Miss Buck's, for the latter has all the advantages of wide experience of the countries about which she is writing and a deliberately philosophical approach, while the former is no more than a piece of good reportage. But Miss Mannin has much to tell us, and tells it well. I wonder how many readers will remember that in May 1945 Mandalay was utterly wiped out by British bombers? It was, no doubt, one of the sad necessities of the war, but it is hardly surprising that the Burmese were then—and remain—far from delighted. However, their resentment had been more than off-set by the horrors of the Japanese "liberation" of their territory which preceded the British advance. Miss Mannin gives a very hopeful picture of a contented and happy people, successfully working out their new destiny. "It is going to turn out fine again; finer than it ever was. It is not the dew which is on the lotus, but the rainbow."

To complete a trilogy of books on the Far East this week I have chosen Father André Dupeyrat's "Festive Papua" (Staples; 12s. 6d.). This picture is drawn on an altogether smaller canvas, but it is lively and interesting. The author concentrates on a description of the Gabé, or Great Dance, the traditional tribal ceremony of a single group of Papuans. The killing and eating of pigs is a central feature of these complicated and rather unnerving rites, and it must be galling to the Catholic missionary to find his new converts taking an eager part in this ceremony on a Friday! Not the least delightful part of this book is Father Dupeyrat's patience and good-humour with his errant catechumens.

One of the best books about children that I have read for some time is Mrs. Marion Edey's "Early in the Morning" (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.). It is a book of reminiscences of the author's family, and especially of her little brother Noel. They all lived on the west bank of the Hudson River in the 1890's, and although Mrs. Edey is now over seventy years old, her "early morning" is as bright and clear as if it dawned yesterday. One example: a baby brother was born in the family on the same night as a cow died in the byre. Noel was sorting out his emotions, and Marion was trying to direct them into conventional channels. "You have a precious little baby brother," she said—"that's better than any beast." Noel looked doubtful. "Lady Gay was a pedigree cow. And this new brother's awfully small and awfully ugly." "Caramba!", sobbed Marion. "I could go on quoting from this book all day.

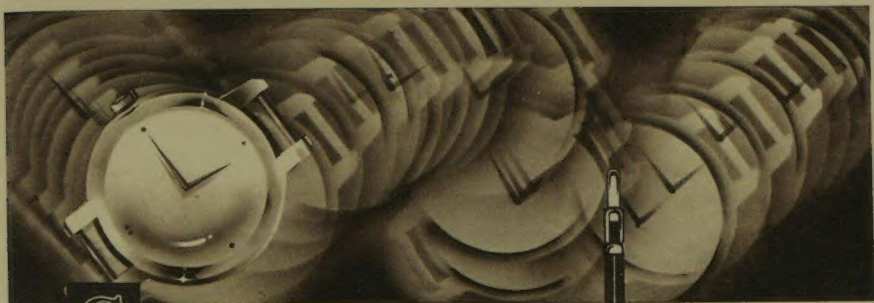
A final word of welcome to Sir Gordon Richards' autobiography, "My Story" (Hodder and Stoughton; 15s.). It is a story with which, in essence, the world is familiar, but what struck me most was Sir Gordon's generosity and the fine comradeship of which he makes no display, but which cannot be concealed. One of the most delightful letters he received on his retirement came from Brixton Prison. "The writer recalled the number of times he had got out of trouble by backing me in the last race. He concluded by saying that, now that I was no longer riding, he might just as well remain in Brixton!"

E. D. O'BRIEN.



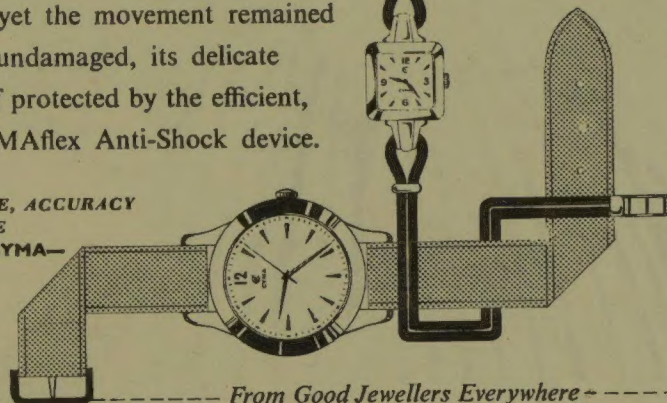
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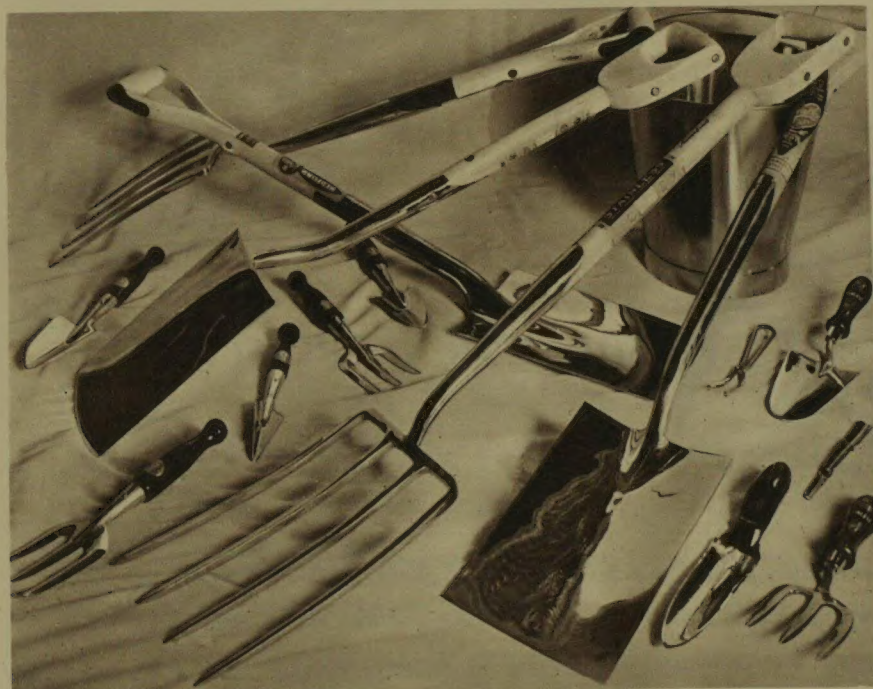
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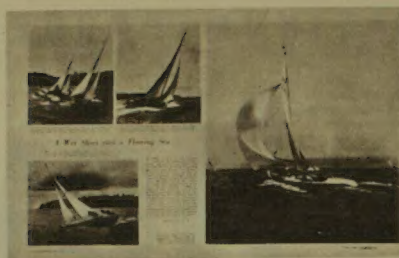
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